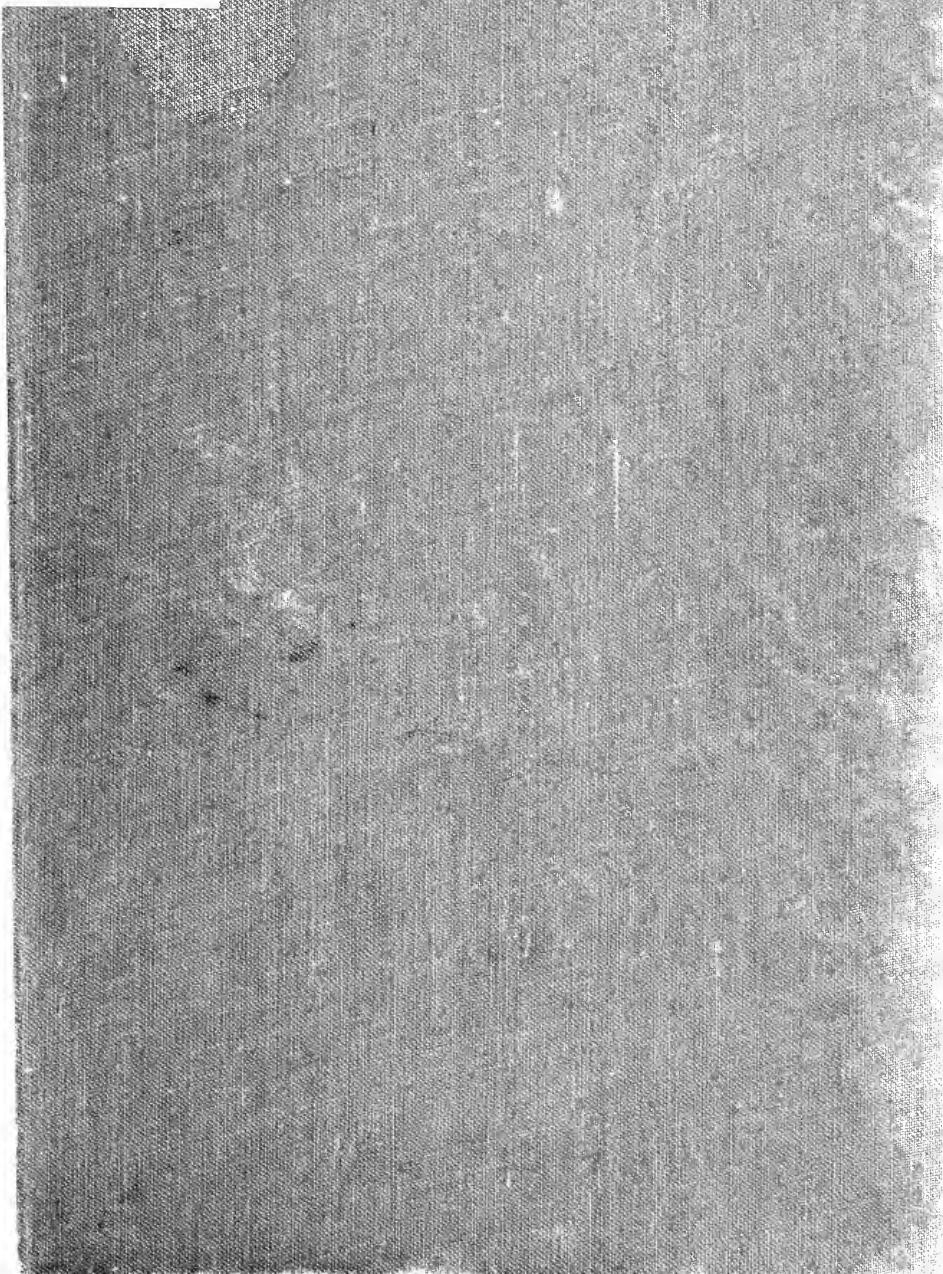


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Honorable Historie of  
frier Bacon and frier Bongay

Made by ROBERT GREENE

1594

*Date of earliest known original edition . . . . . 1594*

[*B.M. C.34, c. 37 (1594) and (1630) 162, h. 1*]

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## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# The Honorable Historie of frier Bacon and frier Bongay

Made by ROBERT <sub>r</sub> GREENE

1594

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXIV



# The Honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay

1594

*The present facsimile is mainly from the B.M. copy of the edition of 1594 (C.34. c. 37). This original is imperfect (a fact unnoticed by Greg), lacking sigs. I and I2 (3 pages). The only other copy known of the same edition (the Devonshire) also "lacks (Grosart) a leaf between A3 and B, and one at end." For completion one was thrown back on the edition of 1630, for although Dyce, Ward and Grosart mention a reprint of 1599, nothing now seems known of it, and it is not, as formerly indicated, to be found either in the B.M. or Bodley. In this matter, and also generally, students must not fail to consult Prof. Gayley's masterly and exhaustive critical essay on the play in "Representative English Comedies." Coming therefore to the edition of 1630, the only copy mentioned by Greg as in the B.M. is 644. c. 23. After a long hunt (a lot of these books being in course of transfer to the new building) I found it useless, having been clipped down right into type. By good fortune I came across another copy of this edition (162. h. 1) unrecorded by Greg, which is in fair condition. The re-setting of the type is not the same; but by another bit of good luck the three pages required start just right, that is to say with the catch-word "pleasure," the only difference being what is a verso in C.34. c. 37 is a recto in the other. The spelling and some of the type differ, but nothing much. The reproduction is satisfactory and well-done throughout.*

*Thomas Middleton has been assigned some hand in this play, especially a prologue and epilogue when revived at Court in 1602.*

JOHN S. FARMER.





THE  
HONORABLE HISTORII  
offrier Bacon, and frier Bongay.

As it was plaide by her Maiesties seruants.

Made by *Robert Greene* Maister of Arts.



LONDON,

Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop; at  
the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of  
the Gun. 1594.









# THE HONOVRABLE

## Historie of Frier Bacon.

*Enter, Edward the first malcontented with Lacy earle of Lincolne, John Warren earle of Suffex, and Ermsbie gentleman: Raph Simnell the kings foole.*

*Lacie.*

W H Y lookes my lord like to a troubled skie,  
When heauens bright shine, is shadowed with a fogge:  
A late we ran the deere and through the Lawndes  
Strip with our nages the losiue frolicke bucks,  
That scuddled fore the reisers like the wind,  
Nere was the Deere of merry Fresingfield,  
So lustily puld down by iolly mates,  
Nor sharde the Farmers such fat venison,  
So frankly dealt this hundred yeares before:  
Nor haue I seene my lord more frolicke in the chace,  
And now change de to a melancholie dumpe.

*Warren.* After the Prince got to the keepers lodge  
And had been iocand in the house awhile:  
Tossing of ale and milke in countrie cannes,  
Whether it was the countries sweete content:  
Or els the bonny damsell fild vs drinke  
That seemd so stately in her stammell red:  
Or that a qualme did crosse his stomacke then,  
But straight he fell into his passions.

*Ermsbie.* Sirra Raph, what say you to your maister,

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Shall he thus all amot liuerilecontent.

*Raphe.* Heerest thou Ned, nay looke if hee will speake to me.

*Edward.* What sayst thou to me foole?

*Raphe.* I pree thee tell me Ned, art thou in loue with the keepers daughter?

*Edward.* How if I be, whi then?

*Raphe.* Why then sirha Ile teach thee how to deceiueloue.

*Edward.* How *Raphe*.

*Raphe.* Marrie sirha Ned, thou shalt put on my cap, and my coat, and my digger, and I will put on thy clothes, and thy sword, and so thou shal be my foole.

*Edward.* And what of this?

*Raphe.* Why so thou shalt begule Loue, for Loue is such a proud scob, that he will never meddile with fooles nor children, Is not *Raphe*es counsell good Ned.

*Edward.* Tell me Ned Lacie, didst thou matke the mayd, How liuely in her country weedes she lookt: A bonier wench all Suffolke cannot yeeld, All Suffolke, nay all England holds none such.

*Raphe.* Sirha, Will Ernsby, Ned is deceiued.

*Ernsby.* Why *Raphe*?

*Raphe.* He saies all England hath no such, and I say, and Ile stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

*Warren.* How proouest thou that *Raphe*?

*Raphe.* Why is not the Abbot a learned man, and hath red many booke, and thinkest thou he hath not more leafting than thou to choose a bonny wench, yes I warrant thee by his whole grammer.

*Frisby.* A good reason *Raphe*.

*Edward.* I tell the Lacie, that her sparkling eyes, Do enlighten forth sweet Loues alluring fire: And in her tresses she doth fold the lookes, Of such as gaze vpon her golden haire, Her bushy white mitre with the morning red, Luma doth boast vpon her louely cheeke,

*Her*





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Her front is beauties table where she paints,  
The glories of her gorgious excellence :  
Hertgeth are shelues of pretious *Margarites*,  
Richly enclosed with ruddie currall cleues,  
Tush Lacie, she is beauties ouermatch,  
Isthou suruast her curious imagerie.

*Lacie.* I grant my lord the damsell is as faire,  
As simple Suffolks homely towns can yeld :  
But in the court be quainter dames than she,  
Whose faces are enricht with honours taint,  
Whose bewties stand vpon the stage of fame,  
And vaurant their trophies in the courts of loue.

*Edw<sup>d</sup>.* Ali Ned, but hadst thou watcht her as my self,  
And seene the secret bewties of the maid,  
Their courtly coinesse were but foolery.

*Erm<sup>bie</sup>.* Why how watcht you her my lord ?

*Edw<sup>d</sup>.* When as she swept like *Venus* through the house,  
And in her shape fast foulded vp my thoughtes :  
Into the Milkhouse went I with the maid,  
And there amonst the cream-boles she did shinc,  
As Pallace, mongst her Princely hulwifarie :  
She tund her smocke ouer her Lilly armes,  
And diued them into milke to run her cheese :  
But whiter than the milke her christall skin,  
Checked with lines of Azur made her blush,  
That art or nature durst bring for compare,  
*Erm<sup>bie</sup>* if thou hadst seene as I did note it well,  
How bewtie plaid the hulwife, how this girle  
Like *Lucrece* laid her fingers to the worke,  
Thou wouldest with *Tarquine* hazard Roome and all  
To win the louely mayd of Fresingfield.

*Raphe.* Sirha Ned, wouldest faine haue her ?

*Edw<sup>d</sup>.* I *Raphe*.

*Raphe.* Why Ned I haue laid the plot in my head thou  
shalt haue her alreadie.

*Edw<sup>d</sup>.* Ile give thee a new coat and leaue me that.

*Raphe.*

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

*Raphe.* Why sirra Ned weel ride to Oxford to Frier Bacon, oh he is a braue scholler sirra, they say he is a braue Nigromancer, that he can make women of deuils, and hee can iuggle cats into Costermongers.

*Edward.* And how then *Raphe*?

*Raphe.* Marry sirha thou shalt go to him, and because thy father Harry shall not misse thee, hee shall turne me into thee; and Ile to the Court, and Ile prince it out, and he shall make thee either a silken purse, full of gold, or else a fine wrought smocke.

*Edward.* But how shall I haue the mayd?

*Raphe.* Marry sirha, if thou beest a silken purse full of gold, then on sundaiies sheele hang thee by herside, and you must not say a word, Now sir when she comes into a great prease of people, for feare of the cut-purse on a sodaine sheele swap thee into her plackerd, then sirha being there you may plead for your selfe.

*Ermsbie.* Excellent policie.

*Edward.* But how if I be a wrought smocke.

*Raphe.* Then sheele put thee into her chest and lay thee into Lauender, and vpon some good day sheele put thee on, and at night when you go to bed, then being turnd from a smocke to a man, you may make vp the match.

*Lacie.* Wonderfully wisely counselled *Raphe*.

*Edward.* *Raphe* shall haue a newe coate.

*Raphe.* God thanke you when I haue it on my backe Ned,

*Edward.* Lacie the foole hath laid a perfect plot,

For why our countre *Maryes* is so coy,

And standes so much vpon her honest pointes,

That marriage or no shalget with the mayd,

Ermsbie, it must be nigromanticke spels,

And charmies of art that must inchaine her loue,

Or else shall *Edward* neuer win the girl,

Therefore my wags weele haue vs in the mornie,

And post to Oxford to this iolly Frier,

*Bacon* shall by his magickie doe this deed.

*Warren.* Content my lord, and that's a speedy way

To weare these head-strong puppies from the teats.





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

*Edward.* I am vnknowne, nor taken for the Prince,  
They onely deeme vs frolick Courtiers,  
That reuell thus among our lieges game:  
Therefore I haue deuised a pollicie,  
Lacie, thou knowst next friday is *S. James*,  
And then the country flockes to Harlstonfaire,  
Then will the keepers daughter frolick there,  
And ouer-shine the troupe of all the maids,  
That come to see, and to be seene that day.  
Haunt thee disguised among the countrie swaines,  
Fain that a farmers sonne, not far from thence,  
Espie her loues, and who she liketh best:  
Coat him, and courther to controll the clowne,  
Say that the Courtier tyred all in greene,  
That helpt her handsomly to run her cheese,  
And fild her fathers lodge with venison,  
Commends him, and sends fairings to her selfe,  
Buy some thing worthie of her parentage,  
Not worth her beaute for Lacie then the faire,  
Affoords no Iewell fitting for the mayd:  
And when thou talkest of me, note if she blush,  
Oh then she loues, but if her cheeke waxe pale,  
Disdaine it is. Lacie send how she fares,  
And spare no time nor cost to win her loues.

*Lacie.* I will my lord so execute this charge,  
As if that Lacie were in loue with her.

*Edward.* Send letters speedily to Oxford of the newes.

*Raphe.* And if ha Lacie, buy me a thousand thousand million  
of fine bals, *shirly* I will.

*Lacie.* What wilst thou do with them Raphe?  
*Raphe.* Marry every time that Ned sighs for the keepers  
daughter, Ile tie a bell about him, and so within thre or four  
daies I will send word to his father *Harry*, that his sonne and my  
maister Ned is become Loues morris dance.

*Edward.* Well Lacie, looke with care vnto thy charge,  
And I will haft to Oxford to the Frier.

*It.*

*B*

*That*

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

That he by art, and thou by secret gifts,  
Maist make me lord of merrie Frelengfield.

*Lacie.* God send your honour your harts desire. *Exeunt.*

*Enter frier Bacon, with Miles his poore scholer with booke  
under his arme, with them Burden, Mason,  
Clement, three doctors.*

*Bacon.* Miles where are you?

*Miles.* Hic sum doctissime & reverendissime docttor.

*Bacon.* Atculistinos libros meos de Necromantia.

*Miles.* Ecce quam bonum & quam iocundum, habitares libres  
in ynum.

*Bacon.* Now maisters of our Academicke state,  
That rule in Oxford Vizroies in your place,  
Whose heads containe Maps of the liberall arts,  
Spending your time in depth of learned skill,  
Why flocke you thus to Bacons secret Cell,  
A Frier newly stallede in Brazenhose,  
Say whats your mind, that I may make replie.

*Burden.* Bacon we hear, that long we haue suspect,  
That thou art read in Magicks mysterie,  
In Piromancie to diuine by flames,  
To tell by Hadromaticke, ebbes and tides,  
By Aeromancie, to discouer doubts,  
To plane out questions, as Apollo did.

*Bacon.* Well maister Burden, what of all this?

*Miles.* Marie sir he doth but fulfill by rehearsing of these  
names the Fable of the Fox and the grapes, that which is aboue  
vs, pertains nothing to vs.

*Burden.* I tell thee Bacon, Oxford makes report,  
Nay England, and the court of Henrie saies,  
That making of a brazen head by art,  
Which shall vinfold strange doubts and Aphorismes,  
And read a lecture in Philosophie,

*And*





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

And by the helpe of Diuels and ghastly fiends,  
Thou meaneſt ere many yeaſes or daies be paſt,  
To compaſſe England with a wall of brasse.

*Bacon.* And what of this?

*Miles.* What of this maister, why he doth ſpeak miftrically,  
for he knowes if your ſkill faille to make a brazen head, yet mo-  
ther waters ſtrong ale will ſit his turne to make him haue a cop-  
pernoſe.

*Clement.* Bacon we come not greeuing at thy ſkill,  
But ioieng that our Academie yeelds  
A man ſuppoſde the woondre of the world,  
For iſt thy cunning worke theſe myraclcs,  
England and Europe ſhall admire thy fame,  
And Oxford ſhall in chaſters of brasse,  
And ſtatues, ſuch as were buiſt vp in Rome,  
Eternize Frier Bacon for his art.

*Mafon.* Then gentle Frier, tell vs thy intent.

*Bacon.* Seeing you come as friends vnto the frier  
Reſolute you doctors, Bacon can by bookeſ,  
Make ſtorming Boreas thunder from his caue,  
And dimme faire Luna to a darke Eclipse,  
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,  
Trembles, when Bacon bids him, or his friendſ,  
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.  
What art can worke, the frolicke frier knowes,  
And therefore will I turne my Magiſtice bookeſ,  
And ſtraine out Nigromancie to the deepe,  
I haue contrivd and framde a head of brasse,  
(I made Belcephon hammer out the ſtuffe)  
And that by art ſhall read Philofophie,  
And I will ſtrengthen England by my ſkill,  
That iſten Cæſars livd and raignid in Rome,  
With all the legions Europe doth containe,  
They ſhould not touch a gralſe of Engliſh ground,  
The worke that Nunus reard at Babylon,  
The brazen walles framde by Semiramis,

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Carued out like to the portall of the sunne,  
Shall not be such as rings the English strand :  
From Douer to the market place of Rie.

*Burden.* Is this possible?

*Miles.* Ile bring ye to or three witnesses.

*Burden.* What be those?

*Miles.* Marry sir three or foure as honest diuels, and good  
companions as any be in hell.

*Mason.* No doubt but magick may doe much in this,  
For he that reades but Mathematicke rules,  
Shall finde conclusions that auaile to worke,  
Wonders that passe the common sense of men.

*Burden.* But *Bacon* roues a bow beyond his reach,  
And tels of more than magick can performe :  
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries,  
Haue I not paid as farre in state of schooles:  
And red of many secrets, yet to thinke,  
That heads of Brasse can vitter any voice,  
Or more, to tell of deepe philosophie,  
This is a fable *Esof* had forgot.

*Bacon.* *Burden,* thou wrongst me in detracting thus  
*Bacon* loues not to stuffe himselfe with lies :  
But tell me fore these Doctors if thou dare,  
Of certaine questions I shall moue to thee.

*Burden.* I will aske what thou can.

*Miles.* Marry sir heele straight be on your pickpake to  
knowe whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most  
worthie.

*Bacon.* Were you not yesterday maister Burden at Haudy  
upon the Thems?

*Burden.* I was, what then?

*Bacon.* What booke studied you there on all night?

*Burden.* I, none at all I red not there a line.

*Bacon.* Then doctors, Frier *Bacon* art knowes nougilt.

*Clement.* What say you to this maister Burden doth hee not  
touch you?

*Burden*





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

*Burden.* I passe not of his frivilous speeches.

*Miles.* Nay maister Burden, my maister ere hee hath done with you, will turne you from a doctor to a dunc, and shake you so small, that he will leaue no more learning in you than is in *Balaams Ass*.

*Bacon.* Maisters, for that learened Burdens skill is deepe, And soore he doubts of *Bacons Cabalisme*: Ile shew you why he haunts to Henly oft, Not doctors for to tast the fragrantaire: But there to spend the night in Alcumie, To multiplie with secret spelis of art. Thus priuat steales he learning from vs all, To prooue my sayings true, Ile shew you straight, The booke he keepes at Henly for himselfe.

*Miles.* Nay now my maister goes to coniuration, take heede.

*Bacon.* Maisters stand still, feare not, Ile shewe you but his booke.

*Heere he coniures.*

*Per omnes deos infernales Belcephon.*

Enter a woman with a shoulder of mutton  
on a spit, and a Denill.

*Miles.* Oh maister cease your coniuration, or you spoile all, for heeres a shee diuell come with a sholder of mutton on a spit, you haue mard the diuels supper, but no doubt hee thinkes our Colledge fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cooke with a shoulder of mutton to make it exceed.

*Hostesse.* Oh where am I, or whats become of me.

*Bacon.* What art thou?

*Hostesse.* Hostesse at Henly mistresse of the Bell.

*Bacon.* How camest thou heere.

*Hostesse.* As I was in the kitchen moongt the maydes, Spitting the meate against supper for my guesse: A motion moued me to looke forth of doore.

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

No sooner had I pried into the yard,  
But straight a whitlewind hoisted me from thence,  
And mounted me aloft vnto the cloudes :  
As in a trance I thought or feared nought,  
Nor know I where or whether I was tane :  
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

*Bacon.* No, know you not maister Burden.

*Hostesse.* Oh yes good sir, he is my daily guest,  
What maister Burden, twas but yesternight,  
That you and I at Henly plaid at cardes.

*Burden.* I knowe not what we did, a poxe of all coniuring  
Friars.

*Clement.* Now iolly Frier tell vs, is this the booke  
that Burden is so carefull to looke on?

*Bacon.* It is, bet Burden tell me now,  
Thinkest thou that Bacons Nicromanticke skill,  
Cannot perforne his head and wall of Brasle,  
When he can fetch thine hostesse in such post.

*Miles.* Ile warrant you mister, if maister Burden could con-  
iure as well as you, hee would haue his booke euerie night from  
Henly to study on at Oxford.

*Masen.* Burden what are you mad by this frolickie Frier,  
Looke how he droops, his guiltie conscience  
Driues him to bash and makes his hostesse blush.

*Bacon.* Well mistres for I wil not haue you mist,  
You shall to Henly to cheere vp your guests  
Fore supper ginne, Burden bid her adew,  
Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes,  
Sirha away, and set her safe at home.

*Hostesse.* Maister Burden, when shall we see you at Henly.

*Exeunt Hostesse and the Deuill.*

*Burden.* The deuill take thee and Henly too.

*Miles.* Maister shall I make a good motion.

*Bacon.* What's that?

*Miles.* Marry sir nowe that my hostesse is gone to provide  
supper,





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

supper, coniure vp an other spirite, and send doctor Burden flying after.

*Bacon.* Thus rulers of our Accademike state,  
You haue seene the Frier frame his art by prooef:  
And as the collegie called Brazennose,  
Is vnder him and he the maister there:  
Se surely shall this head of brasse beframde,  
And yeeld forth strange and vncouth *Aphorismes*:  
And Hecard Heccate shall fail the Frier,  
But I will circle England round with brasse.

*Miles.* Sobeit, & *munc & semper*, Amen.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Margaret the faire mayd of Fresingfield, with Thomas and Ione, and other clownes : Lacie disguised in countie apparell.*

*Thomas.* By my troth Margret liceres a wether is able to make a man call his father whorlon, if this wether hold we shall haue hay good cheape, and butter and cheese at Harlston will beare 1.0 pice.

*Margret.* Thomas, maides when they come to see the faire,  
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay,  
When we haue turn'd our butter to the salt,  
And set our cheeze safely vpon the racks.  
Then let our fathers pris it as they please,  
We countie sluts of merry Fresingfield,  
Cometo buy needles & noughnts to make vs fine,  
And looke that yong-men shold be francke this day,  
And court vs with luch fairings as they can.  
*Phabus* is blythe and frolicke lockes from heauen,  
As when he courted louely Semele :  
Swearing the pedlers shall haue empie packs,  
If that faire wether may make chapinen buy.

*Lacie.* But louely Peggie Semele is dead,  
And therefore *Phabus* from his pallace pries,

*And*

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

And seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,  
She wels all his glories for to court your selfe.

*Margret.* This is a fairing gentle sir indeed,  
To sooth me vp with such smooth flatterie,  
But learme of me your coffees to broad before :  
Well Ione our bewties must abide their iestes,  
We serue the turne in iolly Fresingfield.

*Ione.* Margret, a farmers daughter for a farmers sonne,  
I warrant you the meanest of vs both,  
Shall haue a mate to leade vs from the Church:  
But Thomas whates the newes? what in a dumpe.  
Gue me your hand, we are neare a pedlers shopp,  
Out with your purse we must haue fairings now.

*Thomas.* Faith Ione and shall, Ile bellow a fairing on you, and  
then we will to the Tauern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

*All this while Lacie whispers Margret in the eare.*

*Margret.* Whence are you sir, of Stiffolke, for your tearmes  
are finer than the common sort of men ?

*Lacie.* Faith louely girl, I am of Beckles by,  
Your neighbour not aboue six miles from hence,  
A farmers sonne that neuer was so quaint,  
But that he could do courtesie to such dames :  
But trust me Margret I am sent in charge,  
From him that reuel'd in your fathers house,  
And fill'd his Lodge with cheere and venison,  
Tyred in greene, he sent you this rich purse :  
His token, that he helpe you run your cheese,  
And in the milkhouse ch.ited with your selfe.

*Margret.* To me, you forget your selfe.

*Lacie.* Women are often weake in memorie.

*Margret.* Oh pardon sir, I call to mind the man,  
I were little man iersto reade his gift,  
And yet I hope he sends it not for loue :  
For we haue little leasure to debate of that.





*The honourable historie of Friar Bacon.*

*Jone.* What Margret blush not, mayds must haue their lones.

*Thomas.* Nay by the masse she lookes pale as if she were angrie.

*Richard.* Sirha are you of Beckls? I pray how dooth good man Cob, my faulter bought a horse of him, Ile tell you Marger, a were good to be a gentiemans iade, for of all things the foule hilding could not bide a doongcart.

*Margret.* How different is this farmer from the refl.

That east as yet hath plesyd my wandring sight,  
His words are wittie, quickened with a smile,  
His courtesie gentle, smelling of the court,  
Facill and debonaire in all his deeds,  
Proportioned as was Paris, when in gray,  
He courted Aenor in the vale by Troy.  
Great lords haue come and pleaded for my loue,  
Who but the keepers lasle of Fresingfield,  
And yet me thinks this Farmers iolly forme,  
Passeth the proudest that hath pleasd mine eye  
But Peg disclose not that thou art in loue,  
And shew as yet no signe of loue to him,  
Although thou well wouldest wish him for thy loue  
Keape that to thee till time doth serue thy turne,  
To shew the greefe wherem thy heart doth burne  
Come Ione and Thomas, shall we to the faire,  
You Beckls man will not forsake vs now,

*Zacie.* Not whilst I may haue such quaint giris as you,

*Margret.* Well if you chaunce to come by Fresingfield,  
Make but a sttep into the keepers lodge,  
And such poore fare as Woodmen can affoord,  
Butter and cheefe, creame, and fat venison,  
You shall haue store, and welcome therewithall.

*Zacie.* Gramarcies Peggie, looke for me eare long.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*C*

*Enter*

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

*Enter Henry the third, the imperour, the king of Castile, Elinor his daughter, Iaques Vandernay, a Germaine.*

*Henrie.* Great men of Europe, monarks of the West,  
Ringd with the wals of old *oceanus*,  
Whose lostie surges like the battlements,  
That compast high built Eabell in with towers,  
Welcome my lords, welcome braue westerne kings,  
To Englands shore, whose promontorie cleues,  
Shewes Albion is another little world,  
Welcome sayes English Henrie to you all,  
Chiefly vnto the louely Eleanour,  
Who darde for Edwards sake cut through the seas,  
And venture as Azenors damsell through the deepe,  
To get the loue of Henries wanton sonne.

*Castile.* Englands rich Monarch braue Plantagenet,  
The Pyren mountes swelling aboue the clouds,  
That ward the weltheic Castile in with walles,  
Could not detaine the beaurious Eleanour,  
But hearing of the fame of Edwards youth,  
She darde to brooke *Neptunus* haughtie pride,  
And bide the brunt of froward Eolus,  
Then may faire England welcome her the more.

*Elinor.* After that English Henrie by his lords,  
Had sent prince Edwards louely counterfeit,  
A present to the Castile Elinor,  
The comly pourtrair of so braue a man,  
The vertuous fame discoured of his deeds,  
Edwards couragious resolution,  
Done at the holy land fore Damas walles,  
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equall links,  
To like so of the English Monarchs sonne,  
That I attempted perils for his sake.

*Emperour.* Where is the Prince, my lord?

*Henrie.* He posted down, not long since from the court,

**To**





*[The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.]*

To Suffolke side, to merrie Freminghain,  
To sport himselfe amongst my fallow deere,  
From thence by packets sent to Hampton house,  
We heare the Prince is ridden with his lords,  
To Oxford, in the Academie there,  
To heare dispute amongst the learned men,  
But we will send foorth letters for my sonne,  
To will him come from Oxford to the court.

*Empe.* Nay rather Henrie let vs as we be,  
Ride for to visite Oxford with our traine,  
Faime would I see your Vniuersities,  
And what learned men your Academie yields,  
From Hafpurg haue I brought a learned clarke,  
To hold dispute with English Orators.  
This doctor surnamde Iaques Vandernast,  
A Germaine borne, past into Padua,  
To Florence, and to faire Bolonia,  
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,  
And talking there with men of art, put downe  
The chiefeſt of them all in Aphorifmes,  
In Magicke, and the Mathematicke rules,  
Now let vs Henrie trie him in your schooles.

*Henrie.* He ſhal my lord, this motion likē ſine wel,  
Weele progreſſe ſtraight to Oxford with our trains,  
And ſee what men our Academie brings.  
And woonder Vandernast welcome to me  
In Oxford ſhalt thou find a iollie frier,  
Cald Frier Bacon, Englands only flower  
Set him but Non-plus in his magicke ſpels,  
And make him yeeld in Mathematicke rules,  
And for thy glorie I will bind thy browes,  
Not with a poetes garland made of Baies,  
But with a coronet of choicest gold,  
Whilſt then we ſit to Oxford with our troupes,  
Let ſin and banquet in our English court. *Exit.*

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

*Enter Raphe Simnell in Edwardes apparrell, Edward, Warren, Ermsby disguised.*

*Raphe.* Where be these vacabond knaues that they attend no better on their maister?

*Edward.* If it please your honour we are all ready at aninch.

*Raphe.* Sirha Ned, Ile haue no more post horse to ride on, Ile haue another fetch.

*Ermsbie.* I pray you how is that my Lord?

*Raphe.* Marrie sir, Ile send to the Ile of Eely for soure or fwe dozen of Geese, and Ile haue them tide six and six together with whipcord, Now vpon their backes will I haue a faire field bed, with a Can pie, and so when it is my pleasure Ile flee into what place I please; this will be easie.

*Warren.* Your honour hath said well, but shall we to Brasen-nose Colledge before we pull off our bootes.

*Ermsbie.* Warren well motioned, wee will to the Frier Before we reuell it within the towne.

Raphe see you keepe your countenance like a Prince.

*Raphe.* Wherefore haue I such a companie of cutting knaues to wal vpon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies: haue you not good swords and bucklers.

*Enter Bacon and Miles.*

*Ermsbie.* Stay who comes heere.

*Warren.* Some scholler, and wee le aske him where Frier Baconis.

*Bacon.* Why thou arrant dunce shal I never make thee good scholler, doth not all the towne crie out, and say, Frier Bacons subfifer is the greatest b'ockhead in all Oxford, why thou canst not speake one word of true Latine.

*Miles.* No sir, yes what is this els; *Ego sum tuus homo*, I am your man, I warrant you sir as good Tullies phrase as any is in Oxford.

*Bacon.*





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

*Bacon.* Come on sirha, what part of speech is *Ego*.

*Miles.* *Ego*, that is I, marrie *nomen substantiuo*.

*Bacon.* How prooue you that?

*Miles.* Why sir let him prooue himselfe and a will, I can be hard felt and vnderstood.

*Bacon.* Oh grosse dunce.

*Here beate him.*

*Edw.* Come let vs breake off this dispute between these two.

Sirha, where is Brazenose Colledge.

*Miles.* Not far from Copper-smithes hall.

*Edward.* What doest thou mocke me.

*Miles.* Not I sir, but what would you at Brazenose?

*Ermisbie.* Marrie we would speake with frier Bacon.

*Miles.* Whose men be you.

*Ermisbie.* Marrie scholler heres our maister.

*Raphe.* Sirha I am the maister of these good fellowes, mayst thou not know me to be a Lord by my reparrell.

*Miles.* Then heeres good game for the hawke, for heers the maister foole, and a couie of Cockscombs, one wise man I thinke would spring you ali.

*Edward.* Gogs wounds Warren kill him.

*Warren.* Why Ned I thinke the deuill be in my sheath, I cannot get out my dagger.

*Ermisbie.* Nor I mine, Swones Ned I think I am bewitcht.

*Miles.* A compaine of scabbes, the proudest of you all drawe your weapon if he can,

See how boldly I speake now my maister is by.

*Edward.* I stiue in vane, but if my sword be shut,  
And coniured fast by magick in my sheath,  
Villaine heere is my fist.

*Strike him a box on the eare.*

*Miles.* Oh I beseech you coniure his hands too, that he may not lift his armes to his head, for he is light fingered.

*Raphe.* Ned strike him, Ile warrant thee by mine honour.

*Bacon.* What meanes the English prince to wrong my man,

*Edward.* To whom speakest thou.

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

*Bacon.* To thee.

*Edward.* Who art thou.

*Bacon.* Could you not iudge when all your swords grew fast,  
That frier Bacon was not farre from hence:  
Edward king Hearies soane and Prince of Wales,  
Thy foole disguised cannot conceale thy selfe,  
I know both Ermsbie and the Sussex Earle,  
Els Frier Bacon had but little skill.  
Thou comest in post from merrie Fresingfield,  
Fast fanced to the keepers bonny lasse,  
To craue sone succour of the iolly Frier,  
And Lacie Eare of Lincolne hast thou left,  
To treat faire Margret to allow thy loues:  
But friends are men, and loue can baffle lords.  
The Earle both woes and courtes her for himselfe.

*Warren.* Ned this is strange, the frier knoweth al.

*Ermsbie.* Appollo could not vtter more than this.

*Edward.* I stand amazed to heare this iolly Frier,  
Tell cuen the verie secrets of my thoughts:  
But learned Bacon since thou knowest the cause,  
Why I did post so fast from Fresingfield.  
Help Frier at a pinch, that I may haue  
The loue of louely Margret to my selfe,  
And as I am true Prince of Wales, Ile give  
Liuing and lands to strength thy colladge state.

*Warren.* Good Frier helpe the Prince in this.

*Raphe.* Why seruant Ned, will not the frier doe it. Were  
not my sword glued to my scabberd by coniuration, I would cut  
off his head and make him do it by force.

*Miles.* In faith my lord, your manhood and your sword is all  
alike, they are so fast coniured that we shall never see them.

*Ermsbie.* Wat doctor in a dumpe, twch helpe the prince,  
And thou shalt see how liberall he will prooue,

*Bacon.* Craue not such actions, greater dumps than these,  
I will my lord straine out my magick spels,  
For this day comes the earle to Fresingfield,

And





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

And fore that night shuts in the day with darke,  
Theile be betrothed ech to other fast:  
But come with me, weele to my studie straight,  
Ard in a glasse prospetive I will shew  
Whats done this day in merry Fresingfield.

*Edward.* Gramercies Bacon, I will quite thy paine.

*Bacon.* But send your traine my lord into the towne,  
My scholler shall go bring them to their Inne:  
Meane while weele see the knauerie of the earle.

*Edward.* Warren leaue me and Ermsbie, take the foole,  
Let him be maister and go reuell it,  
Till I and Frier Bacon talke a while.

*Warren.* We will my lord.

*Raphe.* Faith Ned and Ile lord it our till thou comest, Ile be  
Prince of Wales ouer all the blacke pots in Oxford.

*Exeunt,*

*Bacon and Edward goes into the study.*

*Bacon.* Now frolick Edward, welcome to my Cell,  
Heere tempers Frier Bacon many toies:  
And holds this place his consistorie court,  
Wherin the diuels pleads hoinage to his words,  
Within this glasse prospetive thou shalt see  
This day whats done in merry Fresingfield,  
Twixt louely Peggie and the Lincolne earle.

*Edward.* Frier thou gladst me, now shall Edward trie,  
How Lacie meaneth to his soueraigne lord.

*Bacon.* Stand there and looke directly in the glasse,

*Enter Margret and Frier Bungay.*

*Bacon.* What sees my lord.

*Edward.* I see the keepers louely lasse appeare,  
As bright-sunne as the parramour of Mars,

*Only*

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Only attended by a jolly frier.

*Bacon.* Sit still and keepe the christall in your eye,

*Margret.* But tell me frier Bungay is it true,  
That this faire courteous countreis swaine,  
Who saies his father is a farmer ne,  
Can be lord Lacie earle of Lincolnshire.

*Bungay.* Peggie tis true, tis Lacie for my life,  
Or else mine art and cunning both doth faile:  
Left by prince Edward to procure his loues,  
For he in greene that holpe you runne your cheese,  
Is sonne to Henry and the prince of Wales.

*Margret.* Bewhat he will his lure is but for lust.  
But did lord Lacie like poore Margret,  
Or would he daine to wed a countreis iasse,  
Frier, I would his humble handmayd be,  
And for great wealth, quite him with courtesie.

*Bungay.* Why Margret doest thou loue him.

*Margret.* His personage like the pride of vaunting Troy,  
Might well auouch to shadow Hellenes cape:  
His witis quicke and readie in conceit,  
As Greece affoorded in her chieffest priue  
Courteous, ah Frier full of pleasing smiles,  
Trust me I loue too much to tell thee more,  
Suffice to me he is Englands parramour.

*Bungay.* Hath not ech eye that viewd thy pleasing face,  
Surnamest thee faire maid of Fresingfield.

*Margret.* Yes Bungay, and would God the louely Earle  
Had that in *esse*, that so many sought.

*Bungay.* Feare not, the Frier will not be behind,  
To shew his cunning to entangle loue.

*Edward.* I thinke the Frier courts the bonny wench,  
Bacon, me thinkes he is a lustie churle.

*Bacon.* Now looke my lord.

*Enter Lacie.*

*Edward.* Gogs wounds Bacon heere comes Lacie.

*Bacon.*





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

*Bacon.* Sit still my lord and marke the commedie.

*Bungay.* Heeres Lacie, Margret step aside awhile.

*Lacie.* Diphne the damsell, that caught Phœbus fast,  
And lockt him in the brightnesse of her lookes,

Was not so beautious in Appollos eyes,

As is faire Margret to the Lincolne earle,

Recant thee Lacie thou art put in trust,

Edward thy soueraignes sonne hath chosen thee

A secret friend to court her for himselfe:

And darest thou wrong thy Prince with trecherie.

*Lacie,* loue makes no acception of a friend,

Nor deemeis it of a Prince, but as a man :

Honour bids thee controll him in his lust,

His wooing is not for to wed the girele,

But to intrap her and beguile the lasse :

Lacie thou louest, then brooke not such abuse,

But wed her, and abide thy Princes frownes:

For better die, then see her liue disgrac'de.

*Margret.* Come Frier I will shake him from his dumpes,

How cheere you sir, a penie for your thought:

Your early vp, pray God it be the neere,

What come from Bockles in a morne so soone.

*Lacie.* Thus watchfull are such men as liue in loue,

Whose eyes brooke broken slumbers for their sleepe,

I tell thee Peggie since last Harlston fare,

My minde hath felt a lie ipe of passions.

*Margret.* A trustie man that court it for your friend,

Woo you still for the courtier all ingreene.

I maruell that he sues not for himselfe.

*Lacie.* Peggie, I pleaded first to get your grace for him,

But when mine eies suruaid your beautious lookes

Loue like a wagge, straight dired into my heart,

And theredid shire the Idea of your selfe :

Pittie me thought I be a farmers sonne,

And measure not my riches but my loue.

*Margret.* You are verie hastie for to garden well,

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Seeds must haue time to sprout before they spring,  
Loue ought to creepe as doth the dials shade,  
For timely ripe is rotten too too soone.

*Bungay.* Deus hic, roome for a ierry Frier,  
What youth of Beckles, with the keepers laſſe,  
Tis well, but tell me heere you any newes.

*Margret.* No, Frier what newes.

*Bungay.* Heere you not how the purseuants do poſt,  
With proclamations through ech country towne:

*Lacie.* For what gentle frier tell the newes.

*Bungay.* Dwelſt thou in Beckles & hearſt not of these newes,  
*Lacie* the Earle of Lincolne is late fled

From Windsor court disguised like a swaine,  
And lurkes about the countrie heere vñknowne.  
Henrie ſuspects him of ſome trecherie,  
And therefore doth proclame in euery way,  
That who cantake the Lincolne earle, ſhall haue  
Paid in the Exchequer twentie thouſand crownes.

*Lacie.* The earle of Lincoln, Frier thou art mad,  
It was ſome other, thou miſtakeſt the man:  
The earle of Lincoln, why it cannot be.

*Margret.* Yes verie well my lord, for you are he,  
The keepers daughter tooke you prisoner,  
Lord Lacie yeeld, he be your gailor once.

*Edward.* How familiar they be Bacon.

*Bacon.* Sit ſtill and marke the ſequell of their loues.

*Lacie.* Then am I double prisoner to thy ſelfe,  
Peggie, I yeeld, but are theſe newes iuieſt,

*Margret.* Iuieſt with you, but earneſt vnto me:  
For why, theſe wrongs do wring me at the heart,  
Ah how theſe earles and noble men of birth,  
Flatter and faine to forge poore wemens ill.

*Lacie.* Beleeue me laſſe, I am the Lincolne earle,  
I not denie, but tyred thus in rags  
I liued diſguisid to winne faire Peggieſ loue.

*Margret.* What loue is there where weddinſ ends not loue?

*Lacie.*





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*Lacie.* I meant faire gire to make thee Lacie's wife.

*Margret.* I little thinke that earles wil stoop so low,

*Lacie.* Say, shall I make thee countesse ere I sleep.

*Marg.* Handmaid vnto the earle so please himfelfe  
A wife in name, but seruant in obedience.

*Lacie.* The Lincolne countesse, for it shalbe so,  
Ile plight the bands and seale it with a kisse.

*Edward.* Gogs wounds Bacon they kisse, Ile stab them,

*Bacon.* Oh hold your handes my lord it is the glasse.

*Edward.* Coller to see the traitors gree so well,  
Made me thinke the shadowes substances.

*Bacon.* Twere a long poinard my lord, to reach betweene  
Oxford and Frefingfield, but sit still and see more.

*Bungay.* Well lord of Lincolne, if your loues be knit,  
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree :  
To auoid insuing iarres, Ile hamper vp the match,  
Ile take my portace forth, and wed you heere,  
Then go to bed and seale vp your desires.

*Lacie.* Frier content, Peggie howlike you this ?

*Margret.* What likes my lord is pleasing vnto me,

*Bungay.* Then hand-fast hand, and I wil to my booke,

*Bacon.* What sees my lord now.

*Edward.* Bacon, I see the louers hand in hand,  
The Frier readie with his portace there,  
To wed them both, then am I quite vndone,  
Bacon helpe now, if ere thy magicke serude,  
Helpe Bacon, stop the mariage now,  
If diuels or nigromantise may suffice,  
And I will glorie fortie thousand crownes.

*Bacon.* Feare not my lord, Ile stop the iolly Frier,  
For muinbling vp his orisons this day.

*Lacie.* VVhy speakest not Bungay, Frier to thy booke.

*Bungay* is mute, crying Hud hud.

*Margret.* How lookest thou frier, as a man distaught,

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Rest of thy fences Bungay, shew by signes  
If thou be dum what passions holdeth thee.

*Lacie.* Hees dumbe indeed: Bacon hath with his diuels  
Inchanted him, or else some strange disease,  
Or Appoplexie hath possest his lungs:  
But Peggie what he cannot with his booke  
Weele twixt vs both vnite it vp in heart.

*Margret.* Els let me die my lord a miscreant.

*Edward.* Why stands frier ~~Bacon~~ amazd.

*Bacon.* I haue strook him dum my lord, & if your honor please  
Ile fetch this Bungay straightway from Fresingfield,  
And he shall dine with vs in Oxford here.

*Edward.* Bacon, doe that and thou contentest me,

*Lacie.* Of courtesie Margret let vs lead the frier  
Vnto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him  
With brothes to bring him from this haplesse trance.

*Margret.* Or elsy my lord, we were passing vnkinde  
To leauethe frier so in his distresse.

*Enter a deuill, and carrie Bungay on his backe.*

*Margret.* O helpe my lord, a deuill, a deuill my lord,  
Looke how he carries Bungay on his backe:  
Lets hence for Bacons spirits be abroad.

*Exeunt.*

*Edward.* Bacon I laugh to see the iolly Frier  
Mountyd vpon the diuell, and how the earle  
Flees with his bonny lassle for feare,  
Assoone as Bungay is at Brazennose,  
And I haue chatted with the merrie frier,  
I will in post ~~hie~~ me to Fresingfield,  
And quire these wrongs on *Lacie* ere it be long,

*Edward.* So be it my lord, but let vs to our dinner:  
For ere we haue taken our repast awhile,

We





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

We shall haue Bungay brought to Brazennose.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter three doctors, Burden, Mason,  
Clement.*

*Mason.* Now that we are gathered in the regent house,  
It fits vs talke about the kings repaire,  
For he tropt with all the westerne kings  
That lie alongst the Danick seas by East,  
North by the clime of frostie Germanie,  
The Almain Monarke, and the Scocon duke,  
Castile, and louely Ellinor with him,  
Haue in their iests resolued for Oxford towne.

*Burden.* We must lay plots of stately tragedies,  
Strange comick shewes, such as proud Rossius  
Vaunted before the Romane Emperours.

*Clement.* To welcome all the westerne Potentates  
But more the king by letters hath foretold,  
That Frederike the Almaine Emperour  
Hath brought with him a Germane of esteeme,  
Whose surname is Don Iaquesse Vandermast,  
Skilfull in magicke and those secret arts.

*Mason.* Then must we all make sute vnto the frier,  
To Frier Bacon that he vouch this taske,  
And vndertake to counteruaile in skill  
The German, els theres none in Oxford caue,  
Match and dispute with learned Vandermast.

*Burden.* Bacon, if he will hold the German play,  
Weele teach him what an English Frier can doe:  
The diuell I thinke dare not dispute with him.

*Clement.* Indeed mas doctor he pleased you,  
In that he brought your hostesse with her spit,  
From Henly postling yrito Brazennose.

*Burden.* A vengeance on the Frier for his paines,  
But leauing that, lets hie to Bacon straight,

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

To see if he will take this taske in hand.

*Clement.* Stay what rumor is this, the towne is vp in a matinie, what hurly burlie is this?

*Enter a Constable, with Raphe, Warren, Ermsbie  
and Miles.*

*Constable.* Nay maisters if you were nere so good, you shall before the doctors to auiswer your misdemeanour.

*Burden.* Whats the matter fellow?

*Constable.* Marie sir, heres a companie of rufflers that drinking in the Tauerne haue made a great braule, and almost kilde the vintner.

*Miles.* Salve doctor Burden, this lubberly lurdene,  
Illshapte and ill faced, disdained and disgraced,  
What he tels vnto *vos*, *mentitur de nobis*.

*Burden.* Who is the maister and cheefe of this crew?

*Miles.* *Eccce a simum mundi, sugura rotundi,*  
Neat sheat and fine, as briske as a cup of wine.

*Burden.* What are you?

*Raphe.* I am father doctor as a man would say, the Belbewther of this company, these are my lords, and I the prince of Wales.

*Clement.* Are you Edward the kings sonne?

*Raphe.* Sirra Miles, bring hither the tapster that drue the wine, and I warrant when they see how soundly I haue broke his head, thei leysay twas done by no lesse man than a prince.

*Masor.* I cannot beleue that this is the prince of Wales.

*Warren.* And why so sir?

*Masor.* For they say the prince is a braue & a wise gentleman.

*Var.* Why and thinkest thou doctor that he is not so?

Darst thou detraet and derogat from him,

Being so louely and so braue a youth.

*Ermsbie.* Whose face shewing with many a fured smile,  
Bewraies that he is bred of princely race.

*Asiles.* And yet maister doctor, to speake like a proctos,

And tell vnto you, what is veriment and true,

To cease of this quarrell, looke but on his apparel,

Then





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Then marke but my talis, he is great prince of Walis,

The cheefe of our gregis, and *filius regis*,

Then ware what is done, for he is Henries white sonne.

*Raphe.* Doctors whose doting nightcaps are not capable of my ingenious dignitie, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, will make a shipp that shall hold all your colleges, and so carrie away the Niniuersitie with a sayre wind, to the Bankeside in Southwarke, how sayst thou Ned Warraine, shall I not do it?

*Warren.* Yes my good lord, and if it please your lordship, I wil gather vp al your old pantophles, and with the corke, make you a Pinnis of ffe hundred tunne, that shall serue the tunne maruellous well, my lord.

*Ermsbie.* And I my lord will haue Pioners to vndermine the towne, that the very Gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer walkes.

*Miles.* And I with *scientia*, and great *diligentia*, Will coniure and charme, to keepe you from harme, That *utrum horum manus*, your very great *nauis*, Like Bartlets shipp, from Oxford do skip, With Colleges and schooles, full loaden with fooles, *Quid dices ad hoc*, worshipfull domine *Dawcocke*.

*Clement.* Why haue braind courtiers, are you drunke or mad, To taunt vs vp with such scurilitie, Decine you vs men of base and light esteeme, To bring vs such a fop for Henries sonne, Call out the beadle and conuay them hence, Straight to Bocardo, let the roisters lie Clofe clape in bolts, vntill their wits be tame.

*Ermsbie.* Why shall we to prison my lord? (presence?)

*Raphe.* What saist Miles, shall I honour the prison with my

*Miles.* No no, out with your blades, and hamper these iades, Haue a flurt and a crash, now play reuell dash, And teach these Sacerdos, that the Bocardos, Like pezzants and cluees, are meet for themselues.

*Warren.* To the prison with them constable,

Well

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

*Warren.* Well doctors seeing I haue sported me,  
With laughing at these mad and merrie wagges,  
Know that prince Edward is at Brazennose,  
And this attired like the prince of Wales,  
Is Raphe, king Henries only loued foole,  
I, earle of Essex, and this Ernsbie  
One of the priuie chamber to the king,  
Who while the prince with Frier Bacon staies,  
Haue reueld it in Oxford as you see.

*Mason.* My lord pardon vs, we knew not what you were,  
But courtiers may make greater shapess than theſe,  
Wilt please your honour dñe with me to day?

*Warren.* I will maister doctor, and ſatisfie the vintner for his  
hurt, only I muſt deſire you to imagine him all this forenoon the  
prince of Wales.

*Mason.* I willſir.

*Raphe.* And vpon that I will lead the way, onely I will haue  
Miles go before me, because I haue heard Henrie ſay, that wiſe-  
dom muſt go before Maiestie. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter prince Edward with his poinard in his hand, Lacie  
and Margret.*

*Edward.* Lacie thou canſt not ſhroud thy traitorous thoughts,  
Nor couer as did Caſſius all his wiles,  
For Edward hath an eye that lookeſ as farre,  
As Linæus from the ſhores of Grecia,  
Did not I ſit in Oxford by the Frier,  
And ſee thee court the mayd of Freſingfield,  
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kisſe,  
Did not proud Bungay draw his portable foorth,  
And ioyning hand in hand had married you,  
If Frier Bacon had not ſtroke him dumbe,  
And inouited him vpon a ſpirits bache,  
That we might chat at Oxford with the frier,  
Traitor what anſwerſt, is not all this true?

Truth





*The honurable misterie of Frier Bacon.*

*Lacie.* Truth all my Lord and thus I make replie,  
At Harlstone faire there courting for your grace,  
When as mine eye suruaid her curious shape,  
And drewe the beautious glory of her looks,  
To drie into the center of my heart.  
Loue taught me that your honour did but iest,  
That princes were in fancie but as men,  
How that the louely maid of Fresingfield,  
Was fitter to be Lacies wedded wife,  
Than concubine vnto the prince of Wales.

*Edward.* In iurious Lacie did I loue thee more  
Than Alexander his Hephestion,  
Did I vnsould the passion of my loue,  
And locke them in the ciosset of thy thoughts,  
Wert thou to Edward second to himselfe,  
Sole freind, and partner of his secreat loues,  
And could a glaunce of fading bewtie breake,  
The cinchained fetters of such priuat freindes,  
Base coward, false, and too effeminate,  
To be coriall with a prince in thoughts,  
From Oxford haue I poffed since I dinde,  
To quite a traitor fore that Edward sleepe.

*Marg.* Twas I my Lord, not Lacie slept awy,  
For ofte he sued and courted for yourfelfe,  
And still woode for the courtier all in greene,  
But I whome fancy made but ouer folt,  
Pleaded myfelfe with looks as if I lovd,  
I fed myne eye with gazing on his face,  
And still bewicht lovd Lacie with my looks,  
My hart with sighes, myne eyes pleaded with tears,  
My face held pittie and content at once,  
And more I could not fipher out by signes  
But that I lovd Lord Lacie with my heart,  
Then worthy Edward measure with thy minde,  
If wemen fauours will not force men fall,  
If bewtie and if darts of perisg loue,

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Is not of force to bury thoughts of friendes.

*Edward.* I tell thee Peggie I will haue thy loues,  
Edward or none shall conquer Margret,  
In Frigars bottomd with rich Sethin planks,  
Topt with the lostie firs of Libanon,  
Steind and incall with burnisht Iuorie  
And ouerlaid with plates of Persian wealth,  
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waues  
And draw the Dolphins to thy louely eyes,  
To daunce lauolas in the purple stremes,  
Sirens with harpes and siluer psalteries,  
Shall waight with mulicke at thy frigots stem,  
And entertaine faire Margret with her laies,  
England and Englands wealth shall wait on thee,  
Brittaine shall bend vnto her princes loue,  
And doe due honnage to thine excellencie,  
If thou wilt be but Edwards Margret.

*Margret.* Pardon my lord if loues great roialtie,  
Sent me such presents as to Danae,  
If Phœbus tied in Latonas webs,  
Come courting from the beautie of his lodge,  
The dulcet tunes of frolick Mercurie,  
Not all the wealth heauens treasurie affords,  
Should make me leue lord Lacie or his loue.

*Edw.* I haue learnyd at Oxford then this point of schooles,  
*Abbae canfa, collitur effectus,*  
Lacie the cause that Margret cannot loue,  
Nor fix her liking on the English Prince,  
Take him away, and then the effects will faile,  
Villaine prepare thy selfe for I will bathe  
My poinard in the bosome of an eate.

*Lacie.* Rather then liue, and misle faire Margret's loue,  
Prince Edward stop not at the fatall doome,  
But stabb it home, end both my loues and life.

*Marg.* Braue Prince of Wales, honoured forroyall deeds,  
Twere sinne to staine fair Venus courts with blood,

Loues





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Loues conquests ends my Lord in courtesie,  
Spare Lacie gentle Edward, let me die,  
For so both you and he doe cease your loues.

*Edward.* Lacie shall die as traitor to his Lord.

*Lacie.* I haue deserued it, Edward act it well.

*Margret.* What hopes the Prince to gaine by Lacies death?

*Edward.* To end the loues twixt him and Margeret.

*Marg.* Why, thinks king Henries sonne that Margrets loue,  
Hangs in the vncertaine ballance of proud time,  
That death shall make a discord of our thonghts,  
No, stab the earle, and fore the morning sun  
Shall vaunt him thrice, ouer the lostie east,  
Margret will meet her Lacie in the heauens.

*Lacie.* If ought betides to louely Margret,  
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,  
Euopestrich wealth nor Englands monarchie,  
Should not allure Lacie to ouerliue,  
Then Edward shal my life and end her loues.

*Margret.* Rid me, and keepe a friend worth many loues.

*Lacie.* Nay Edward keepe a loue worth many friends.

*Margret.* And if thy mind be such as fame hath blazde,  
Then princely Edward let vs both abide  
The fatall resolution of thy rage,  
Banish thou fancie, and imbrace reuenge,  
And in one toornbe knit both our carkafes,  
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect loue,

*Edward.* Edward Art thou that famous prince of Wales,  
Who at Damasco beat the Sarasens,  
And broughtst home triumphe on thy launces point,  
And shall thy plumes be puld by Venus downe,  
Is it princely to disseuer louers leagues,  
To part such friends as glorie in their loues,  
Leue Ned, and make a vertue of this fault,  
And further Peg and Lacie in their loues,  
So in subduing fancies passion,  
Conquering thy selfe thou getst the richest spoile,

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Lacie rise vp, faire Peggie heeres my hand,  
The prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts  
And all his loues he yeelds vnto the earle,  
Lacie enjoy the maid of Freslingfield,  
Make her thy Lincolne countesse at the church,  
And Ned as he is true Plantagenet,  
Will giue her to thee franchly for thy wife.

*Lacie.* Humbly I take her of my soueraigne,  
As if that Edward gane me Englands right,  
And richt me with the Albion diadem.

*Marg.* And doth the English Prince mean true,  
Will he vouchsafe to cease his fornet loues,  
And yeeld the title of a countrie maid,  
Vnto lord Lacie.

*Edward.* I will faire Peggie as I am true lord.

*Marg.* Then lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,  
In conquering loue as Cæsars victories,  
Margret as milde and humble in her thoughts,  
As was Aspatia vnto Cirus selfe,  
Yeelds thanks, and next lord Lacie, doth inshrine  
Edward the second secret in her heart.

*Edw.* Gramercie Peggie, now that vowed are past,  
And that your loues are not to be reuolt :  
Once Lacie friendes againe, come we will post  
To Oxford, for this day the king is there,  
And brings for Edward Castile Elinor.  
Peggie I must go see and view my wife,  
I pray God I like her as I loued thee.  
Beside, lord Lincolne we shall heare dispute,  
Twixt frier Bacon, and learned Vandermast,  
Peggie weele leaue you for a weeke or two.

*Marg.* As it please lord Lacie, but loues foolish looks,  
Thinke footsteps Miles, and minutes to be houres.

*Lacie.* Ile hasten Peggie to make shoit retarne,  
But please your houour goe vnto the lodge,  
We shall haue butter, cheeze, and venison.

And





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*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

And yesterday I brought for Margret,  
A lustie bottle of neat claret wine,  
Thus can we feast and entertaine your grace.

*Edward.* Tis cheere lord Lacie for an Emperour,  
If he respect the person and the place :  
Come let vs in, for I will all this night,  
Ride post vntill I come to Bacons cell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Henrie, Empercur, Castile, Ellinor, Vandermast, Bungay.*

*Emperour.* Trust me Plantagener these Oxford schooles  
Are richly seated neere the riuere side :  
The mountaines full of fat and fallow deere,  
The batling pastures laid with kine and flocks,  
The towne gorgeous with high built colledges,  
And schollers seemely in their graue attire.  
Learned in searching principles of art,  
What is thy judgement, Iaques Vandermast.

*Vandermast.* That lordly are the buildings of the towne,  
Spatious the romes and full of pleasant walkes :  
But for the doctours how that they be learned,  
It may be meanly, for ought I can heere.

*Bungay.* I tell thee Germane, Haspurge holds none such,  
None red so deepe as Oxenford containes,  
There are within our accademike state,  
Men that may lecture it in Germanie,  
To all the doctours of your Belgicke schools.

*Henrie.* Stand to him Bungay, charme this Vandermast,  
And I will vse thee as a royll king.

*Vandermast.* Wherein darest thou dispute with me.

*Bungay.* In what a Doctor and a Frier can.

*Vandermast.* Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth  
The doubtfull question vnto Vandermast.

*Bungay.* Let it be this, whether the spirates of piromancie

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or Geomancie, be most predominant in magick.

*Vander.* I say of Piromancie,

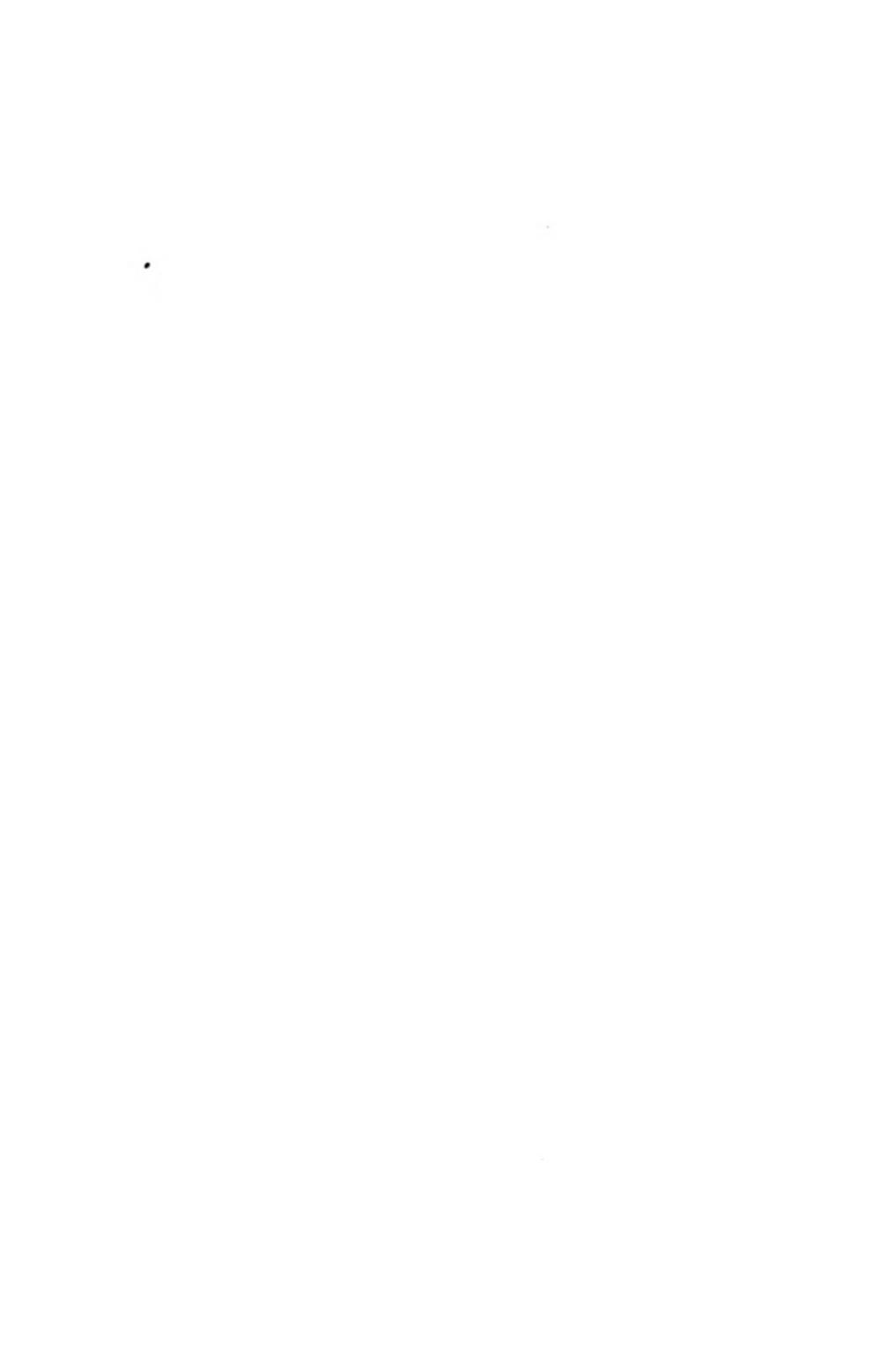
*Bungay.* And I of Geomancie.

*Vander.* The cabbalists that wright of magickē spels,  
As Hermēs, Melchis, and Pithagoras,  
Affirme that mongst the quadruplicitie  
Of elementall essence, *Terra* is but thought,  
To be a *punctum* squared to the rest:  
And that the compasse of ascending elements  
Excēed in bignesse as they doe in height.  
Judging the concave circle of the sonne,  
To hold the rest in his circumference,  
Is then as Hermēs saies the fire be greatē,  
Purest and onely giueth shapes to spirites:  
Then must these Demones that haunt that place,  
Be euery way superiour to the rest.

*Bungay.* I reason not of elementall shapes,  
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,  
Noting their essence nor their qualitie,  
But of the spirites that Piromancie calleth,  
And of the vigour of the Geomanticke fiends,  
I tell thee Germane magickē haunts the grounds,  
And those strange necromantick spels  
That worke such shewes and wondering in the world;  
Are acted by those Geomanticke spirites,  
That Hermēs calleth *Terra filii*.  
The fierie spirites are but transparant shades,  
That lightly passe as Heraldis to beare newes,  
But earthly fiends closd in the lowest deepe,  
Disauer mountaines if they be but chargd,  
Being more grose and massie in their power.

*Vander.* Rather these earthly geomantike spirites,  
Are dull and like the place where they remaine:  
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heauens,  
The spirites and angels that did sin with him,  
Retaind their locall essence as their faults,





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All subiect vnder *Lunis* continent,  
They which offended lesse hang in the fire,  
And second faults did rest within the aire,  
But Lucifer and his proud hearted fiends,  
Were throwne into the center of the earth,  
Hauing lesse understanding than the rest,  
As hauing greater sinne, and lesser grace.  
Therefore such grosse and earthly spirits doe serue,  
For Iuglers, Witches, and vild sorcerers,  
Whereas the Piromanticke gemij,  
Are mighty, swift, and of farre reaching power,  
But graunt that Geomancie hath most force,  
Bungay to please these mighty potentates,  
Prooue by some instance what thy art can doe.

*Bungay. I will.*

*Emper.* Now English Harry here begins the game,  
We shall see sport betwene these learned men.

*Vandermaſt.* What wilt thou doe.

*Bung.* Shew thee the tree leavd with refined gold,  
Wheron the fearefull dragon held his seate,  
That watcht the garden cald Hesperides,  
Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules.

*Vandermaſt.* Well done.

*Heere Bungay coniures and the tree appeares with  
the dragon shooting fire.*

*Heorie.* What say you royll lordings to my frier,  
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill.

*Vander.* Ech scholler in the Nicromanticke spels,  
Can doe as much as Bungay hath performd,  
Bur as Alcmenas basterd ras'd this tree,  
So will I raise him vp as when he liued,  
And cause him pull the Dragon from his seate,  
And teare the branches peecemeale from the roote,  
*Hercules Prode, Prodi Hercules.*

*Hercules*

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*Hercules apparaies in his Lions skin.*

*Hercules.* *Quis me vult.*

*Vander.* Ioues bastard sonne thou libian Hercules  
Pul off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,  
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

*Hercules.* *Fiat.*

*Heere he begins to breake the branches.*

*Vander.* Now Bungay if thou canst by magick charmē,  
The fiend appearing like gfeat Hercules,  
From pulling downe the branches of the tree,  
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

*Bungay.* I cannot.

*Vander.* Cease Hercules vntill I gue thee charge,  
Mightie commander of this English Ile,  
Henrie come from the stout Plantagenets,  
Bungay is learned enough to be a Frier.  
But to compare with Iaqus Vandermaist,  
Oxford and Cambidge must go seeke their celles.  
To find a man to match him in his art,  
I haue given *non-plus* to the Paduanis,  
To them of Sien, Florence, and Belogna,  
Reimes, Louain and faire Rotherdani,  
Franckford, Lutrech and Orleane:  
And now must Henrie if he done right,  
Crown me with lawrell as they all haue done.

*Enter Bacon.*

*Bacon.* All haile to this roiall companie,  
That sit to heare and see this strange dispute:  
Bungay, how standē thou as a man amazd,  
What hath the Germane acted more than thou,

*Vander.*





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*Vandermaſt.* What art thou that questions thus.

*Bacon.* Men call me Bacon.

*Vander.* Lordly thou lookeſt, as if that thou wert leard,  
Thy countenance, as if ſcience held her ſeate  
Betweene the circled arches of thy browes.

*Henrie.* Now Monarcks hath the German found his match.

*Emperour.* Bestirre thee Iaquis take not now the foile,  
Leaſt thou doeſt loſe what foretime thou diſt gaine.

*Vandermaſt.* Bacon, wilt thou diſpute?

*Bacon.* Noe, vntelleſſe he were more leard than *Vandermaſt*.  
For yet tell me, what haſt thou done?

*Vandermaſt.* Raſid Hercules to ruinate that tree,  
That邦gay mounted by his magickespels.

*Bacon.* Set Hercules to worke.

*Vander.* Now Hercules, I charge thee to thy taske,  
Pull off the golden branches from the roote.

*Hercules.* I dare not, Seefſt thou nor great Bacon heere,  
Whose frowne doth aſt more than thy magickē can.

*Vandermaſt.* By all the thrones and dominations,  
Vertues, powers and mightie Hierarchies,  
I charge thee to obey to *Vandermaſt*.

*Hercules.* Bacon, that bridles headſtrong Belcephon,  
And rules Afimenoth guider of the North:  
Bindes me from yeelding vnto *Vandermaſt*.

*Hen.* How now *Vandermaſt*, haue you met with your match.

*Vandermaſt.* Never before waſt knowne to *Vandermaſt*.  
That men held devils in ſuch obedient awe,  
Bacon doth more than art or els I faile,

*Emperour.* Why *Vandermaſt* art thou ouercome,  
Bacon diſpute with him, and trie his ſkill:

*Bacon.* I come not Monarckes for to hold diſpute.  
With ſuſh a nouice as is *Vandermaſt*,  
I come to haue your royalties to dine  
With Frier Bacon heere in Brazennoſe,  
And for this Germane troubles but the place  
And holds this audience with a long ſuſpence,

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Ile send him to his Accademie hence,  
Thou Hercules whom Vandermaſt did raise,  
Transport the Germane vnto Haspурge straight,  
That he may learne by trauaile gaſt the ſprings,  
More ſecret doomes and Aphorifmes of art,  
Vanuſh the tree and thou away with him.

*Exit the ſpirit with Vandermaſt and the Tree.*

*Emperour.* Why Bacon whether doeft thou ſend him,  
*Bacon.* To Haspурge there your highneſſe at returne,  
Shall finde the Germane in his ſtudie ſafe.

*Henrie.* Bacon, thou haſt honoured England with thy ſkill,  
And made faire Oxford famous by thine art,  
I will be English Henrie to thy ſelfe,  
But tell me ſhall we dine with thee to day.

*Bacon.* With me my Lord, and while I ſit my cheere,  
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you:  
Gratiouſ as the morning ſtarre of heauen, *Exit.*

*Enter Edward, Lacie, Warren, Ermsbie.*

*Emperour.* Is this Prince Edward Henries royll ſonne,  
How martiall is the figure of his face,  
Yet louely and beſet with Amoresses.

*Henrie.* Ned, where haſt thou been.  
*Edward.* At Framungham my Lord, to trie your buckes.

If they could ſcape they teifers or the toile:  
But hearing of cheſe lordly Potentates  
Landed, and prograſt vp to Oxford towne,  
I poſted to giue entertaine to them,  
Cheſe to the Almaine Monarke, next to him,  
And ioyned with him, Caſtile and Saxonie,  
Are welcome as they may be to the English Court.  
Thus for the men, but ſee Venus appeares,  
Or one that ouermatcheth Venus in her ſhape,

*Sweete*





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Sweete Ellinor, beauties high swelling pride,  
Rich natures glorie, and her wealth at once :  
Faire of all faires, welcome to Albion,  
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne,  
If that thou dainte the welcome from my selfe.

*Ellinor.* Marciall Plantagenet, Henries high minded sonne,  
The marke that Ellinor did count her aime,  
I likte thee fore I saw thee, now I loue,  
And so as in so short a time I may:  
Yet so as time shall never breake that so,  
And therfore so accept of Ellinor.

*Castile.* Feare not my Lord, this couple will agree,  
If loue may creepe into their wanton eyes:  
And therfore Edward I accept thee heere,  
Without suspence, as my adopted sonne.

*Henrie.* Let me that ioy in these conforting greets,  
And glorie in these honors done to Ned,  
Yeeld thankes for all these fauours to my sonne,  
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

*Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers and salt.*

*Miles.* Salutem omnes reges, that gouern your Greges, in Saxo-  
nie and Spaine, in England and in Almaine : for all this frolick  
table must I couer the table, with trenchers, salt and cloth, and  
then looke for your broth.

*Emperour.* What pleasant fellow is this.

*Henrie.* Tis my lord, doctor Baccons poore scholler.

*Miles.* My maister hath made me sewer of these great lords,  
and God knowes I am as seruiceable at a table, as a fow is vnder  
an apple tree: tis no inatter, their cheere shall not be great, and  
therfore what skils where the salt stand before or behinde.

*Castile.* These schollers knowes more skill in astomes,  
How to vse quips and sleights of Sophistrie,  
Than for to couer courtly for a king.

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*Enter Miles with a messe of pottage and broth,  
and after him Bacon.*

*Miles.* Spill sir, why doe you think I neuer carried  
twopeny chop before in my life : by your leaue, *Nobile dictu*, for  
here comes doctor Bacons *pecus*, being in his full age, to cartie a  
messe of pottage.

*Bacon.* Lordings admire not if your cheere be this,  
For we must keepe our Accademicke fare,  
No riot where Philosophie doth raine,  
And therefore Henrie place these Potentates,  
And bid them fall vnto their frugall cates.

*Emp.* Presumptuous Frier, what scoffst thou at a king,  
What doest thou taunt vs with thy pesants fare,  
And giue vs cates fit for countrey swaines,  
Henrie proceeds this iest of thy consent,  
To twit vs with such a pittance of such price,  
Tell me, and Fredericke will not greeue the long.

*Henrie.* By Henries honour and the royll faith  
The English monarcke beareth to his friend:  
I knew not of the friers feeble fare,  
Nor am I pleaseid he entertaines you thus.

*Bacon.* Content thee Fredericke for I shewd the cates  
To let thee see how schollers vse to feede:  
How little meate refines our English wits,  
Miles take away, and let it be thy dinner.

*Miles.* Marry sir I wil, this day shal be a festiuall day with me,  
For I shall exceddin the highest degree. *Exit Miles.*

*Bacon.* I tell thee Monarch, all the Germane Peeres  
Could not affoord thy entertainment such,  
So roiall and so full of Maiestie,  
As Bacon will present to Fredericke,  
The Basest waiter that attends thy caps,  
Shall be in honours greater than thy selfe:

*And*





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And for thy cates rich Alexandria drugges,  
Fercht by Carueils from Aegypt's richest straights:  
Found in the wealthy stroud of Affrica,  
Shall royallize the table of my king,  
Wines richer than the Gyptian courtisani,  
Quaft to Augustus kingly countermatch,  
Shalbe carrowst in English Henries feasts:  
Candie shall yeeld the richest of her canes,  
Persia downe her volga by Canows,  
Send downe the secrēts of her spicerie.  
**The Africke Dates** *mirab les* of Spaine,  
Conserues, and Suckets from Tiberias,  
Cates from Iudea choicer than the lampe  
That fiered Rome with sparkes of gluttonie,  
Shall bewisifie the board for Frederike,  
And therfore gudge not at afriers feast.

*Enter two gentlemen, Lambert, and Serlby  
with the keeper.*

**Lambert.** Come frolicke keeper of our heges game,  
Whose table spred hath euer venison,  
And Iacks of wines to welcome passengers,  
Know I am in loue with iolly Margret,  
That ouer-shines our damsels as the moone,  
Darkneth the brightest sparkles of the night,  
In Laxfield heere my land and liuing lies,  
Ile make thy daughter ioynter of it all,  
So thou consent to giue her to my wife,  
And I can spend fwe hundred markes a yare.

**Serlby.** I am the lanlord keeper of thy holds,  
By coppie all thy liuing lies in me.  
Laxfield did never see me raise my due,  
I will infeofe faire Margret in all,  
So she will take her to a lustie squire.

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*Keeper.* Now courteous gentl, if the **Keepers** girtle,

Hath pleased the liking fancie of you both,  
And with her beutie hath subdued your thoughts,  
Tis doubtfull to decide the question.

It royses me that such men of great esteeme,  
Should lay their liking on this base estate,  
And that her state should grow so fortunate,  
To be a wife to meaner men than you.

But sith such squires will stoop to keepers fee,  
I will to avoid displeasure of you both,  
Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her chiose,

*Exit.*

*Lambert.* Content **Keeper** send her vnto vs.

Why **Serlby** is thy wife so lately dead,  
Are all thy loues so lightly paſſed ouer,  
As thou canſt wed before the yeare be out,

*Serlby.* I haue not **Lambert** to content the dead,  
Nor was I wedded but for life to her,  
The graues ends and begins a maried state.

*Enter Margaret.*

*Lambert.* Peggie the loueſt flower of all townes,  
Suffolks faire Hellen, and rich Englands star,  
Whose beutie reſemblēd with her hufwifrie,  
Maks England talkē of merry Faringfield.

*Serlby.* I cannot tricke it vp with poesies,  
Nor paint my paſſions with comparisons,  
Nor tell at all of Phebus and his loues,  
But this beſtue me Laxfield here is mine,  
Of auncient rent ſeven hundred pounds a yeare,  
And if thou canſt but loue a countrie ſquire,  
I wil inſeoffe thee Margaret in all,  
I can not flatter, trie me if thou pleafe.

*Mar.* Braue neighbouring ſquires the ſtay of Suffolks clime,  
A **Keepers** daughters is too base in gree  
To match with men accoumpted of ſuch worth,  
But might I not displease I would reply,

*Lam.*





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*Lambert.* Say Peggy, nought shall make vs discontent.

*Marg.* Then gentils note that loue hath little stay,  
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire,  
Be kindled but by fancies motion,  
Then pardon gentils, if a maids reply  
Be doubtful, while I haue debated with my selfe,  
Who or of whom loue shall constraine me like,

*Serlsby.* Let it be me and trust me Margaret,  
The meads iinured with the siluer streames,  
Whose Batling pastures fatneth all my flockes,  
Yelding forth fleeces stapled with such woole,  
As Lempster cannot yeld more finer stuppe  
And fortie kine with faire and burnishe heads,  
With strouting duggs that paggio to the ground,  
Shall serue thy dary if thou wed with me.

*Lambert.* Let passe the countrie wealth as flockes and kine,  
And lands that waue with Ceres golden sheues  
filling my barnes with plentie of the fieldes,  
But peggie if thou wed thy selfe to me,  
Thou shal haue garments of Imbrodred silke,  
Lawnes and rich networks for thy head attyre  
Costlie shalbe thy fare abiliments,  
If thou wilst be but Lamberts louing wife.

*Margret.* Content you gentles you haue profered faire,  
And more than fits a countrie maids degree,  
But giue me leaue to counsaille me a time,  
For fancie bloomes not at the first assault,  
Giue me batten dayes respite and I will replye,  
Which or to whom my selfe affectionats,

*Serlsby.* Lambert I tell thee thou art importunate,  
Such beautie fits not such a base esquire  
It is for Serlsby to haue Margret.

*Lamb.* Thinkst thou with wealth to ouer reach me  
Serlsby, I scorne to brooke thy country braues  
I dare thee Coward to maintaine this wrong,

At

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

At dint of rapier singe in the field.

*Serlsby* Ile aunswere Lambert what I haue auoucht  
Margret farewel, anothertime shall serne. *Exit Serlsby*

*Lambert*. Ile follow Peggie farewell to thy selfe, *Exit Lambert*  
Listen how well ile answere for thy loue.

*Margret*. How Fortune tempers lucky happes with frowns,  
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight,  
Loue is my blisse, and loue is now my bale,  
Shall I be Hellen in my forward fates,  
As I am Hellen in my matchles hue  
And set rich Suffolke with my face afire,  
If louely Lacie were but with his Peggy,  
The cloudie datckenesse of his bitter frowne  
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires,  
Before the terme of ten dayes be expired,  
When as they looke for aunswere of their loues,  
My Lord will come to merry Frisingfield,  
And end their fancies, and their follies both,  
Til when Peggie be blith and of good cheere.

*Enter a post with a letter and  
a bag of gold.*

*Post*, Fair louely dame! whiche way leads this path,  
How might I post meyn to Frisingfield,  
which footpath leadeth to the keepers lodge?

*Margret* Your way is ready and this path is right,  
My selfe doe dwell hereby in Frisingfield,  
And if the keeper be the man you seeke,  
I am his daughter may I know the cause?

*Post* Louely and once beloued of my lord,  
No meruaille if his eye was lodg'd so low,  
when brighter bewtie is not in the heauens,  
The Lincoln: which sent you letters here,  
And with them, just an hundred pounds in gold,  
Sweete bonny wench read them and make reply.

*Marg.*





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*Margret.* The scrowles that Ioue sent Danae  
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnisht gold,  
Were not more welcome than these lines to me,  
Tell me whilſt that I doe vnrif the ſeales,  
Liues Lacie well, how fares my louely Lord?

*Poff.* Well, if that wealth may make men to liue well.

*The letter, and Margret reads it.*

THE bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a night, and vaniſh  
in a morne, the flies *Hamere* (faire Peggie) take life with  
the Sun, and die with the dew, fancie that ſlippeth in with a  
gafe, goeth out with a winke, and too timely loues, haue euer the  
shorteſt length. I write this as thy grefe, and my folly, who at Fri-  
ſingfield lovd that which time hath taught me to be but meane  
dainties, eyes are diſemblers, and fancie is but queaſie, therefore  
know Margret, I haue choſen a Spaniſh Ladie to be my wife,  
cheeſe waighting woman to the Princeſſe Ellinour, a Lady faire,  
and no leſle faire than thy ſelue, honorablie and wealthy, in that I  
forſake thee I leaue thee to thine own liking, and for thy dowrie  
I haue ſent thee an hundred pounds, and euer affiue thee of my  
fauour, which ſhall auail thee and thine much. Farewell.

Not thine nor his owne,

*Edward Lacie.*

Fond Aſe doomer of bad boading fates,  
That wrappes proud Fortune in thy ſnaky locks,  
Didſt thou inchaunt my byrth-day with ſucl ſtarſ,  
Aſ lightned miſcheeſe from their infancie,  
If heauens had vowed, iſ ſtarſ had made decree,  
To ſhew on me their froward influence,  
If Lacie had but lovd, heauens hell and all,  
Could not haue wrongd the patience of my minde.

*Poff.* It grieues me damſell, but the Earle is forſt  
To loue the Lady, by the Kings commaund.

*Margret.* The wealth combine within the English ſhelles,  
Europes comauader nor the English King.

G

Should

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Should not haue moude the loue of Peggie from her Lord.

*Peg.* What answere shal I returne to my Lord?

*Margret.* First for thou camst from Lacie whom I lond,

Ali giue me leaue to sigh at every thought,

Take thou my freind the hundred pound he sent,

For Margrets resolution craues no dower,

The world shalbe to her as vanitie,

Wealthe traffi, loue hate, pleasure dispaire,

For I will straight to stately Fremingham,

And in the abby there be shorne a Nun

And yeld my loues and libertie to God,

Fellow I gue thee this, not for the newes,

For thos be hatefull vnto Margret,

But for thart Lacies man once Margrets loue.

*Reft.* What I haue heard what passions I haue seene

Ile make report of them vnto the Earle.

*Exit Reft*

*Margret.* Say that she ioyes his fancies be at rest,

And praiers that his misfortune may be hers.

*Exit*

*Enter Frier Bacon drawing the courtaines with a white sticke,  
a booke in his hand, and a lampe lighted by him, and the  
brazen head and miles, whith wcapons by him.*

*Bacon.* Miles where are you?

*Miles.* Here sir.

*Bacon.* How chaunce you tarry so long?

*Miles.* Thinkeyou that the watching of the brazen head  
craues no furniture? I warrant you sir I haue so armed my selfe,  
that if all your deuills come I will not feare them an inch.

*Bacon.* Miles thou knowest that I haue duced into hell,  
And fought the darkest pallaces of fiendes,  
That with my Magick spels great Belcephon,  
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell,  
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,  
And three-formd Luna hid her siluer looks.

*Trembling*





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Trembling vpon her concave contenent,  
When Bacon red vpon his Magick booke,  
With seuen yeares tossing nigromanticke charmes,  
Poring vpon darke Hecats principles,  
I haue framd out a monstrous head of brasle,  
That by theinchaunting forces of the devil,  
Shall tell out strange and vncouth Aphorismes,  
And girt faire England with a wall of brasle,  
Bungay and I haue watcht these threescore dayes,  
And now our vitall spirits craue sonie rest,  
If Argos livd and had his hundred eyes,  
They could not ouerwatch Phobeters night,  
Now Miles in theer retts Frier Bacons weale,  
The honour and renoume of all his life,  
Hangs in the watching of this brazen-head,  
Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God  
That holds the soules of men within his fist,  
This night thou watch, for ere the morning star  
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,  
The head will speake, then Miles vpon thy life,  
Wake me for then by Magick art Ile worke,  
To end my seuen yeares taske with excellencye,  
If that awinke but shut thy warchfull eye,  
Then farewell Bacons glory and his fame,  
Draw close the courtaines Miles now for thy life,  
Be warchfull and *Here he falleth asleepe.*

*Miles* So, I thought you would talke your selfe a sleepe anon, and tis no meruaile, for Bungay on the dayes, and he on the nights, haue watcht Iust these ten and fifty dayes, now this is the night, and tis my taske and no more. Now Iesu blesse me what a goodly head it is, and a nose, you talke of *nos autem glorificare*, but heres a nose, that I warrant may be cald *nos autem temporale* for the people of the parish, well I am furnished with weapons, now sir I will set me dounie by a post, and make it as good as a watch-man to wake me if I chaunee to flumber.

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wh and your I thought goodman head, I would call you out of your *memento*,  
passion a God I haue almost broke my pate, Vp Miles to your  
taske, take your browne bill in your hand, heeres some of your  
maisters hobgoblins abroad. *With this a great noise.*

*The Head speakes.*

*Head.* Time is.

*Miles.* Time is, Why maister Brazenhead haue you such a  
capitall nose, and answere you with fillables, Time is : is this all  
my maisters cunning, to spend seuen yeaeres studie about Time is:  
well sir, it may be we shall haue some better orations of it anon,  
well Ile watch you as narrowly as euer you were warcht, and Ile  
play with you is the Nightingale with the Slowworme, Ile set a  
pricke against my brest : now rest there Miles, Lord haue mercy  
vpon me, I haue almost kild my selfe : vp Miles list how they  
rumble.

*Head.* Time was.

*Miles.* Well frier Bacon, you spent your seuen yeaeres studie  
well that can make your Head speake but two wordes at once,  
Time was : yea marrisse, time was when my maister was a wise man,  
but that was before he began to make the Brasen-head, you shall  
he while your arce ake and your Head speake no better : well I  
will watch and walke vp and downe, and be a Perepatetian and a  
Philosopher of Aristotles stamp, what a freshe noise, take thy  
pistols in hand Miles.

*Heere the Head speakes and a lightning flasbeth forth,  
and a hand appeares that breaketh down the  
Head with a hammer.*

*Head.* Time is past.

*Miles.* Maister maister, vp, hels broken loose, your Head  
speakes, and theres such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant  
all Oxford is vp in armes, out of your bed and take a browne bill  
in





*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*  
in your hand, the latteſt day is come.

*Bacon.* Miles I come, oþ passing warily watcht,  
Bacon wil make thee next himſelfe in loue,  
When ſpake the Head?

*Miles.* When ſpake the Head, did not you ſay that hee  
ſhould tell ſtrange principles of Philofophic, why ſir it ſpeaks but  
two wordes at a time.

*Bacon.* Why villaine hath it ſpoken oþt.

*Miles.* Oft, I marie hath it thrice: but in all thoſe three times  
it hath vttered but ſeven wordes.

*Bacon.* As how

*Miles.* Marie ſir, the firſt time he ſaid, Time is, as if Fabius  
eumentor ſhould haue pronounſt a ſentence, he ſaid Time was,  
and the third time with thunders and lightning, as in great choller,  
he ſaid Time is paſt.

*Bacon.* Tis paſt indeed, a villaine time is paſt,  
My life, my fame, my glorie, all are paſt:  
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruind downe,  
Thy ſeven yeare ſtudie lieth in the duff:  
Thy Brazen-head lies broken through a ſlauē  
That watcht, and would not when the Head did will,  
What ſaid the Head firſt.

*Miles.* Euen ſir, Time is,

*Bacon.* Villaine if thou hadſt cald to Bacon then,  
If thou hadſt watcht and wakte the ſleepie frier,  
The Brazen-head had vttered Aphorifmes,  
And England had been circled round with braſe,  
But proud Alſmeroth ruler of the North,  
And Demegorgon maſter of the fates,  
Grudge that a mortall man ſhould worke ſo much,  
Hell trembled at my deepe commanding ſpels,  
Fiendes frownd to ſee a man their ouermatch,  
Bacon might boſt more than a man might boſt:  
But now the braues of Bacon hath an end,  
Europes conceit of Bacon hath an end:  
His ſeven yeare ſpractice ſorteth to ill end:

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And villaine sith my glorie hath an end,  
I will appoint thee fatall to some end,  
Villaine auoid, get thee from Bacons sight,  
Vagrant go ryme and range about the world,  
And perish as a vagabond on earth.

*Miles.* Why then sir you forbid me your seruice.

*Bacon.* My seruice villaine with a fatall curse,  
That direfull plagues and mischefe fall on thee.

*Miles.* Tis no matter I am against you with the old prouerb,  
The more the fox is curst the better he fates : God be with you  
sir, Ile take but a booke in my hand, a wide sleeued gowne on my  
backe, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want pro-  
motion.

*Bacon.* Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy wearie steps,  
Vintill they doe transport thee quicke to hell,  
For Bacon shall haue never merrie day,  
To loose the fame and honour of his Head. *Exit.*

*Enter Emperour, Castile, Henrie, Ellinor, Edward, Lacie, Raphe.*

*Emper.* Now louely Prince the prince of Albions wealth,  
How fares the ladie Ellinor and you:  
What haue you courted and found Castile fit,  
To answere England in equuolence  
Wilt be a match twixt bonny Nell and thee.

*Edw.* Should Paris enter in the courts of **Greece**,  
And nor lie fettered in faire Helleus lookes,  
Or Phoebus scape those piercing amorts,  
That Daphne glaunfed at his deitie:  
Can Edward then sit by a flame and **freeze**,  
Whose heat puts Helleus and faire Daphne downe,  
Now Monarcks aske the ladie if we gree.

*Hen.* What madam hath my son found grace or no.

*Ellinor.* Seeing my lord his louely counterfeit,  
And hearing how his minde and shape agreed,





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I come not troopt with all this warlike traine,  
Doubting of loue, but so effectionat

As Edward hath in England what he wonne in Spaine.

*Castile.* A match my lord, these wantons needes must loue,  
Men must haue wiues and women will be wed,  
Lets haft the day to honour vp the rites.

*Raphe.* Sirha Harry, shall Ned marry Nell.

*Henry.* I Raphe, how then.

*Raphe.* Marrie Harrie follow my counfaile, send for frier Bacon to marrie them, for heele so coniure him and her with his Nigromancie, that they shall loue toghether like pigge and lambe whilst they liue.

*Castile.* But hearst thou Raphe, art thou content to haue Elinor to thy ladie.

*Raphe.* I so she will promise me two things.

*Castile.* Whats that Raphe.

*Raphe.* That shee will neuer scold with Ned nor fight with me, Sirha Harry I haue put her downe with a thing vnpossible.

*Henry.* Whats that Raphe.

*Raphe.* Why Hartie didst thou euer see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her handes, no but when egge-pies growes on apple-trees, then will thy gray mare prooue a bag-piper.

*Emperour.* What saies the lord of Castile and the earle of Lincolne, that they are in such earnest and secret talke.

*Castile.* I stand my lord amazed at his talke  
How he discourses of the constancie,  
Of one surnam'd for beauties excellencie,  
The faire maid of merrie Fresingfield.

*Henrie.* Tis true my lord, tis wondrous for to heare,  
Her beautie passing Marces parramour:  
Her virgins right as rich as Vesta was,  
Lacie and Ned hath told me miracles.

*Castile.* What saies lord Lacie, shall she be his wife.

*Lacie.* Or els lord Lacie is vnfit to liue,  
May it please your highnesse give me leau to post

To

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

To Fresingfield Ile fetch the bonny girel,  
And prooue in true apperance at the court  
What I haue vouchd often with my tongae.

*Henrie.* Lacie, go to the quire of my stable,  
And take such courfers as shall fit thy turne,  
Hie thce to Fresingfield and bring home the lasse,  
And for her fame shes through the English coast,  
If it may please the ladie Ellinor,  
One day shall match your excellencie and her,

*Ellinor.* We Caſtile ladies are not very coy,  
Your highnesſe may command a greater boone,  
And glad were I to grace the Lincolne earle  
With being partner of his mariage day.

*Edward.* Gramercie Nell for I do loue the lord,  
As he that's ſecond to my ſelfe in loue.

*Raphe.* You loue her, madam Nell, neuer beleeue him you  
though he ſweares he loues you.

*Ellinor.* Why Raphe.  
*Raphe.* Why his loue is like vnto a tapſters glaffe that is bro-  
ken with euery tutch, for he loued the faire maid of Fresingfield  
once out of all hoe, nay Ned neuer wincke vpon me, I care not I.

*Her.* Raphe tels all, you ſhall haue a good ſecretarie of him,  
But Lacie haſte thee poſt to Fresingfield:  
Eor erē thou haſt ſifted all things for her ſtate,  
The ſoleinme mariage day will be at hand.

*Lacie.* I go my lord. *Exit Lacie.*  
*Emperour.* How ſhall we paſſe this day my lord.

*Henrie.* To horſe my lord, the day is paſſing faire,  
Weele flie the partridge or go rouse the deere,  
Follow my lords, you ſhall not want for ſport.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter frier Bacon with frier Bungay to his cell.*

*Bungay.* What meaneſt the frier that frolickt it of late,  
To ſit as melancholie in his cell:

**A**





*The honourable historie of Frter Bacon.*

To sit as melancholie in his cell,  
As if he had neither lost nor wonne to day.

*Bacon.* Ali Bungay my Brazen-head is spold,  
My glorie gone, my seuen yeares studie lost:  
The fame of Bacon bruted through the world,  
Shall end and perish with this deepe disgrace.

*Bungay.* Bacon hath built foundation on his fame,  
So surely on the wings of true report,  
With aeting strange and vncouth miracles,  
As this cannot infriuge what he deserueth.

*Bacon.* Bungay sit down, for by prospective skill,  
I find this day shall fall out ominous,  
Some deadly aet shall tide me ere I sleep:  
But what and wherein little can I gesle.

*Bungay.* My minde is heauy what so ere shall hap.

*Enter two schollers, sonnes to Lambert and Serlby.*

*Knocke.*

*Bacon.* Whose that knockes.

*Bungay.* Two schollers that desires to speake with you.

*Bac.* Bid thē come in, Now my youthis what would you haue.

*1. scholler.* Sir we are Suffolke men and neighbouring friendes,  
Ourfathers in their countries lustie squires,  
Their lands adioyne, in Crackfield mine doth dwell,  
And his in Laxfield, we are colledge mates,  
Sworne brothers as ourfathers liues as friendes.

*Bacon.* To what end is all this.

*2. scholler.* Hearing your worship kept within your cell  
A glasse prospective wherin men might see,  
What so their thoughts or hearts desire could wish,  
We come to know how that ourfathers fare.

*Bacon.* My glasse is free for every honest man,  
Sit downe and you shall see ere long,  
How or in what state your friendly father liues,  
Meane while tell me your names.

*Lambert.* Mine Lambert.

H

*2. scholler.*

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

2. *Scholler.* And mine Serlbie.

3. *Bacon.* Bungay, I sinell there will be a tragedie.

*Enter Lambert and Serlbie, with Rapiers and daggers.*

*Lambert.* Serlby thou hast kept thine houre like a man,  
Th'art worthie of the title of a squire:  
That durst for proofe of thy affection,  
And for thy mistres fauour prize thy bloud,  
Thou knowst what words did passe at Fresingfield,  
Such shamelesse braues as manhood cannot brooke:  
I for I skorne to beare such piercing taunts,  
Prepare thee Serlbie one of vs will die.

*Serlbie.* Thou seest I singe thee the field,  
And what I speake, Ile maintaine with my sword:  
Stand on thy guard I cannot scold it out.  
And if thou kill me, thinke I haue a sonne,  
That liues in Oxford in the Brodgates hall,  
Who will reuenge his fathers bloud with bloud.

*Lambert.* And Serlbie I haue there a lusty boy,  
That dares at weapon buckle with thy sonne,  
And liues in Broadgates too as well as thine,  
But draw thy Rapiere for weele haue about.

*Bacon.* Now lustie yonkers looke within the glasse,  
And tell me if you can discerne your fires.

1. *Scol.* Serlbie tis hard, thy father offers wrong,  
To combat with my father in the field.

2. *Schol.* Lambert thou liest, my fathers is the abuse,  
And thou shalt find it, if my father harme.

*Bungay.* How goes it sirs.

1. *Scholler.* Our fathers are in combat hard by Fresingfield

*Bacon.* Sit still my friendes and see the euent.

*Lambert.* Why standst thou Serlbie doubtst thou of thy life

A venie man faire Margret craves so much.

*Serlbie.* Then this for her.

1. *Scholler.* All well thought.

2. *Schol.*





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2. scholler. But marke the ward.

*They fight and kill ech other.*

Limbet. Oh I am slaine.

Serlie. And I, Lord haue mercie on me.

1. Scheller. My father slaine, Serlyb ward that.

*The two schollers stab on another.*

2. scholler. And so is mine Lambert, Ile quite thee well.

Bungay. O strange strattagem.

Bacon. See Frier where the fathers both lie dead.

Bacon thy magick doth effect this masacre:

This glasse prospetive worketh manie woes,

And therefore seeing these brauelustie brutes,

These friendly youths did perish by thine art,

End all thy magick and thine art at once :

The poniard that did end the fatall liues,

Shall breake the cause efficiat of their woes,

Sofade the glasse, and end with it the showes,

That Nigromancie did infuse the christall with.

*He breakes the glasse.*

Bungay. What means learned Bacon thus to breake his glasse.

Bacon. I tell thee Bungay, it repents me sore,

That euer Bacon meddled in this art,

The hours I haue spent in piromanticke spels,

The fearefull tossing in the latest night,

Of papers full of Nigromanticke charmes,

Coniuring and aduring duuels and fiends,

With stole and albe and strange Pentaganon,

The wresting of the holy name of God,

As Sothe, Elaim, and Adonaie,

Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragramiton,

With praying to the fwe-fould powers of heauen,

Are instances that Bacon must be damde,

For syng duuels to counteruiale his God.

H \*

Yet

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

Yet Bacon cheere thee, drowne not in despaire,  
Sinnes haue their salues repentaunce can do much,  
Thinke mercie sits where Iustice holds her seate,  
And from those wounds those bloudie Iews did pierce  
Which by thy magickē oft did bleed a fresh,  
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,  
To wash the wrath of hie Iehouahs ire,  
And make thee as a new borne babe from sinne,  
Bungay Ie spend the remnar. tof my life  
In pure deuotion praying to my God,  
That he would saue what Bacon vainly lost.      *Exit.*

*Enter Margret in Nuns apparell, Keeper, her father,  
and their friend.*

*Keep.* Margret be not so headstrong in these vows,  
Oh burie not such beautie in a cell :  
That England hath held famous for the hue,  
Thy fathers haire like to the siluer bloomes:  
That beautifie the shrubs of Affrica  
Shall fall before the dated time of death,  
Thus to forgoe his louely Margret.

*Margret.* A father when the hermonie of heaven,  
soundeth the measures of a liuely faith:  
The vaine Illusions of this flattering world,  
Seemes odious to the thoughts of Margret,  
I loued once, lord Lacie was my loue,  
And now I hate my selfe for that I lovd,  
And doated more on him than on my God:  
For this I scourge my selfe with sharpe repentes,  
But now the touch of such aspiring sinnes  
Tels me all loue is lust but loue of heauens:  
That beautie vsde for loue is vanitie,  
The world containes nought but alluring baites :  
Pride, flatterie, and inconstant thoughts,  
To shun the prickes of death I leaue the world,





*The hono urable historie of Frier Bacon.*

And vow to meditate on heauenly blisse,  
To lue in Framingham a holy Nunne,  
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed:  
And for to wifh all maides to learne of me,  
To seeke heauens ioy before earths vanitie.

*Friend.* And will you then Ma:gret be shome a Nunne, and so  
leauue vs all.

*Margret.* Now farewell world the engin of all woe,  
Farewell to friends and father, welcome Christ:  
A dew to daintie robes, this base attire  
Better befits an humble minde to God,  
Than all the shew of rich abilliments,  
Loue, oh Loue, and with fond Loue farewell,  
Sweet Lacie whom I loued once so deere,  
Euer be well, but neuer in my thoughts,  
Leaſt I offend to thinke on Lacies loue:  
But euen to that as to the rest farewell.

*Enter Lacie, Warrain, Ermsbie, booted and spurd.*

*Lacie.* Come on my wags weere neere the keepers lodge,  
Heere haue I oft walktin the watrie Meades,  
And chatted with my louely Margret.

*Warraine.* Sirha Ned, is not this the keeper.  
*Lacie.* Tis the same.

*Ermsbie.* The old lecher hath gotton holy mutton to him  
a Nunne my lord.

*Lacie.* Keeper how fareſt thou holla man, what cheere,  
How doth Peggie thy daughter and my loue.

*Keeper.* Ah good my lord, oh wo is me for Pegge,  
See where ſhe stands clad in her Nunnes attire,  
Readie for to be shome in Framingham:  
She leaues the world becauſe ſhe left your loue,  
Oh good my lord perſwade her if you can.

*Lacie.* Why hownow Margret, what a malecontent,  
A Nunne, what holy fathertaught you this,  
To taskē your ſelfe to ſuch a tedious life,  
As die a maid, twere iniurie to me.

*The honorable historie of Frier Bacchus.*

To sin other vp such brytie in a cell.

*Margret.* Lord Lacie thinking of thy former misse,  
How sond the pime of wanton yeares were spent  
In loue, Oh sic vpon that fond conceite,  
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye,  
I leue both loue and loues content at once,  
Betaking me to him that is true loue,  
And leauing all the world for loue of him.

*Lacie.* Whence Peggie comes this Meramorphosis,  
What shorne a Nun, and I haue from the court,  
Posted with coursers to comuaie thee hence,  
To Windsore, where our Marriage shalbe kept,  
Thy wedding robes are in the tailors hands,  
Come Peggy leaue these peremptorie voweds.

*Margret.* Did not my lord resigne his interest,  
And make diuorce twixt Margret and him?

*Lacy.* Twas burto try sweete Peggies constancie,  
But will faire Margret leaue her loue and Lord?

*Margret.* Is not heauens ioy before earths fading blisse,  
And life aboue sweeter than life in loue,

*Lacie.* Why then Margret will be shorne a Nun,

*Marg.* Margret hath made a vow which may not be reuokt.

*Warraine.* We cannot stay my Lord, and if she be so strict,  
Our leisure graunts vs not to woo a fresh.

*Ermisby.* Choose you faire damsell, yet the choise is yours,  
Either a solerine Nunnerie, or the court,  
God, or Lord Lacie, which contentys you best,  
To be a Nun, or els Lord Lacies wife.

*Lacie.* A good motion, Peggie your answere must be short.

*Margret.* The flesh is frayle, my Lord doth know it well,  
That when he comes with his enchanting face,  
What so er betyde I cannot say him nay,  
Off goes the habite of a maidens heart,  
And seeing Fortune will, faire Fremingham,  
And all the shew of holy Nuns farewell,  
Lacie for me, if he wil be my lord.

*Lacie*





*The honourable histerie of Frier Bacon.*

*Lacie.* Peggie thy Lord, thy loue, thy husband,  
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the King  
Staies for to marry matchles Ellinour,  
Vntil I bring thee richly to the court,  
That one day may both marry her and thee,  
How saist thou Keeper art thou glad of this?

*Keeper.* As if the English King had giuen  
The parke and deere of Frisingfield to me.

*Erns.* I pray thee my Lord of Sussex why art thou in a broune  
study?

*Warraine.* To see the nature of women, that be they neuer so  
neare God, yet they loue to die in a mans armes.

*Lacie.* What haue you fit for breakefast? we haue hied and  
posted all this night to Frisingfield.

*Margret.* Butter and cheeze and humbls of a Deere,  
Such as poore Keepers haue within their lode.

*Lacie.* And not a bottle of wine?

*Margret.* Weele find one for my Lord.

*Lacie.* Come Sussex lets in, we shall haue more, for she speaks  
least, to hold her promise sure. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a devill to seeke Miles.*

*Devill.* How restles are the ghofts of hellish spites,  
When euerie charmer with his Magick spels  
Cals vs from nine-fold trenched Blegiton,  
To scud and ouer-scoure the earth in post,  
Vpon the speedie wings of swiftest winds,  
Now Bacon hath raid me from the darkeste deepe,  
To search about the world for Miles his man,  
For Miles, and to torment his lasie bones,  
For careles watchidg of his Brazen head,  
See where he comes, Oh he is mine.

*Enter Miles with a gowne and a corner  
cap.*

*Miles.* A scholler quoth you, marry sir I had bene made

*The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.*

abolemaker when I was made a scholler, for I can get neither to be a Deacon, Reader, nor Schoolemaister, no, not the clarke of a parish, some call me dunce, another saith my head is as full of Latine as an eggs full of oateymeale, thus I am tormented that the deuil and Frier Bacon, haunts me, good Lord heers one of my maisters deuils, He goe speake to him, what maister Plutus, how chere you?

*Devil.* Doost thou know me?

*Miles.* Know you sir, why are not you one of my maisters devils, that were wont to come to my maister Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

*Devil.* Yes marry am I.

*Miles.* Good Lord M. Plutus I haue seene you a thousand times at my maisters and yet I had never the manners to make you drinke, but sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute, I warrant you hees as yeomanly a man, as you shall see, marke you maisters, heers a plaine honest man, without wel or garde, but I pray you sir do you come lately from hel?

*Devil.* I marry how then,

*Miles.* Faith tis a place I haue desired long to see, haue you not good tipling houses there, may not a man haue a lustie fier there, a pot of good ale, a paire of cardes, a swinging peece of chalke, and a browne toast that will clap a white wastcoat on a cup of good drinke?

*Devil.* All this you may haue there.

*Miles.* You are for me freinde, and I am for you, but I pray you, may I not haue an office there?

*Devil.* Yes a thousand, what wouldst thou be?

*Miles.* By my troth sir in a place where I may profit my selfe, I know hel is a hot place, and men are meruailous drie, and much drinke is spent there, I would be a tapster.

*Devil.* Thou shalt.

*Miles.* Theres nothing lets me from going with you, but that tis a long iourney, and I haue never a horse.

*Devil.* Thou shalt ride on my backe.

*Miles.* Now surely hers acourteous deuil, that for to pleasure





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sure his friend, will not sticke to make a Iade of himselfe : but  
I pray you goodman friend, let me moue a question to you.

*Deuill.* What's that?

*Miles.* I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

*Deuill.* An amble.

*Miles.* Tis well, but take heed it be not a trot,  
But tis no matter, Ile preuent it.

*Deuill.* What doest?

*Miles.* Mary, friend, I put on my spurs : for if I find your  
pace either a trot, or else vneasie, Ile put you to a false gallop.  
Ile make you feele the benefit of my spurs.

*Deuill.* Get vp vpon my backe.

*Miles.* Oh Lord, here's even a goodly maruell, when a man  
rides to hell on the Deuils backe. *Exeunt roaring.*

Enter the Emperour with a pointlesse sword, next, the King of Castile,  
carrying a sword with a point, Lacy carrying the Globe, Edward  
Warraine carrying a rod of gold with a Douse on it, Ermsby with  
a Crowne and Scepter, the Queene with the faire maide of Fressing-  
field on her left hand, Henry, Bacon, with other Lords atten-  
ding.

*Edward.* Great Potentates, earths miracles for state,  
Thinke that Prince *Edward* humbles at your feet,  
And for these fauours on his martiall sword,  
He vowes perpetuall homage to your selues,  
Yielding theſe honours vnto *Ellinour*.

*Henrie.* Gramercies, Lordings, old *Plantagenet*,  
That rules and swayes the Albion Diademe,  
With teares discouers these conceiued ioyes,  
And vowes requitall, if his men at armes,  
The wealth of England, or due honours done  
To *Ellinor*, may quite his Fauorites.  
But all this while what ſay you to the Dames,  
That ſhine like to the chriftall lampes of heauen?

*Emperour.* If but a third were added to theſe two,

They

*The honorable History of Fryer Bacon;*

They did surpass those gorgeous Images,  
That gloried *Ida* with rich beauties wealth.

*Margret.* Tis I, my Lords, who humbly on my knee,  
Must yeeld her horisonts to mighty loue,  
For lifting vp his handmaide to this state,  
Brought from her homely cottage to the Court,  
And grafte with Kings, Princes and Emperours,  
To whom (next to the noble Lincolne Earle)  
I vow obediencie, and such humble loue,  
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

*Ellmer.* Thou martiall man, that weares the Almaine Crown,  
And you the Westerne Potentates of might,  
The Albian Princeffe, English *Edwards* wife,  
Proud that the louely star of Fresingfield,  
Faire *Margret*, Countesse to the Lincolne Earle,  
Attends on *Ellmer*: gramceries, Lord, for her,  
Tis I give thankes for *Margret* to you all,  
And rest for her due bounden to your selues.

*Henrie.* Seeing the marriage is solemnized,  
Let's march in triumph to the Royall feast.  
But why stands *Fryer Bacon* here so mure?

*Bacon.* Repentant for the follies of my youth,  
That Magicks secret mysteries misled,  
And ioyfull that this Royall marriage  
Portends such blisse vnto this matchlesse Reaime.

*Hen.* Why, *Bacon*, what strange euent shall happē to this Lād?  
Or what shall grow from *Edward* and his Queene?

*Bacon.* I find by deepe præscience of mine Art,  
Which once I tempred in my secret Cell,  
That here where *Brute* did buitd his Troy nouant,  
From forth the Royall Garden of a King,  
Shall flourish out so rich and faire a bud,  
Whose brightnesse shall deface proud *Phabus* flowre,  
And ouer-shadow Albion with her leaues.  
Till then, *Mars* shall be master of the field,  
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease,

The





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The horse shall stampe as carelesse of the pike,  
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight,  
With wealthie fauours, plenty shall entice  
The strond che giadded wandring Brute to see,  
And peace from heauen shall harbour in these leaues,  
That gorgeus beauties this marchlesse flower,  
*Apollos* Helitropian then shal stoope,  
And *Venus* hyacinth shall vaile her top,  
*Iuno* shal thut her Gilliflowers vp,  
And *Pallas* Bay shal bish her brightest greene,  
*Ceres* carnation in confort with thosse,  
Sha'll stoope and wonder at *Diana's* Rose.

*Henrie.* This Prophesie is mysticall,  
But glorious Commanders of Europa's loue,  
That makes faire England like that wealthy Ile,  
Circled with Gihen, and first Euphrates,  
In Royallizing *Henries* Albion,  
With presence of your princely mighynesse,  
Let's march, the tables all are spred,  
And viandes suchas Englands wealth affords,  
Are ready set to furnish out the boords,  
You shal haue welcome, mighty Potentates,  
It rests to furnish up this Royall feaste,  
Only your hearts be frolickke; for the time  
Craves that we taste of nought but ioyfullnesse,  
Thus glories England ouer all the Welt.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci;*

  
FINIS.





























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